

WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By John Habberton, Author of "Hickory Bluffs," "George Washington," etc.

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"I was promised to be sergeant meself. Didn't I recruit sixteen men?"

"So you did, McTwyney," said the captain, looking at the recruit a moment before he spoke. "Well, you shall be the remaining sergeant. Frost, first corporal; Brainard, second corporal."

The captain continued through the list of corporals, and my heart sank. 'Twas better to be corporal than private, but to have had my expected honor snatched from me by some one else, and that somebody Mick McTwyney—to have Mick for my official superior! Oh, it put my spirits to flight, and some of my patriotism tried to go with them.

"Sergeant McTwyney to his post!" shouted the captain.

Down beside me came Mick McTwyney. Oh, if he had but been there when I first arrived and his leg instead of the other sergeant's had been broken by my horse! Still he was there now, and so was my horse. I could hope.

From the parade ground, where the colonel and adjutant sat mounted, a bugle blew the "assembly," the signal for forming line.

"Attention!" the captain roared. "Sergeant Cloyne, front! You will command the third platoon. From the right count fours."

"One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four," ran down the line in rapid succession.

"Forward!" blew the colonel's bugler. "Fours right, march!" shouted the captain. "To the left, march!"

We obeyed orders as well as we could according to the tactics in which we had been drilled on foot. Between the tops of the tents we could see the other companies filing out of their respective streets and forming column in the road in front of camp. There was some trouble and a great deal of profanity, which began to seem an army necessity, as different captains endeavored to take place in column according to seniority and were hindered by other captains whose lines of march crossed their own. Some of the men in the newer companies got dreadfully mixed up and made a lot of trouble before they were set to rights, for they were not accustomed to horses, much less to riding. Finally, however, the whole force was in columns of fours in the road, and when the adjutant, learning this by galloping down the flanks, signaled the colonel, the latter had his bugler once more sound "Forward!"

"Forward!" repeated the bugle of each of the 12 companies.

"Forward!" shouted each captain. With a confused tangle of horses' hoofs, clank of sabers, rattle of carbines, jingle of spurs, a jumble of "Whoa!" "Git up!" "G'long!" and "Durn ye!" from the recruits and in a great hail of dust the regiment was off.

And yet—a regiment two-thirds of whose men had never seen their horses until that morning and half of whose recruits had never before been on horseback, who had to have their pistols loaded for them and who had never been drilled together nor taught even the simplest company movements on horseback!

Well, 'twas the way with hundreds of other regiments during the earlier years of the war, and 'twas nobody's fault apparently. As a nation we could bring men together faster than we could arm and drill them. Fortunately for us, our neighbors at the south were having the same ill luck.

CHAPTER VII. IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

WE rode into and through the town, out by the road on which we used to do picket duty as infantry, across the bridge which we had laid and relaid so many times, far out to where we used to see the cavalry outpost's picket. We rode past the picket also. He was in the same place, as if he had been there ever since the Ninety-eighth went away. After that we began to eye each tree and fence for rebels, for were we not in the enemy's country?

Except for this feature of the ground we might as well have been anywhere else in Virginia for anything that was of interest. The fields of yellow corn stalks looked so much alike that one might easily have been taken for another, and the bits of woodland between were as like as two fragments of a single forest. The negro cabins were all of logs, the farmhouses of wood, painted white, and there were not many of either. The road, like all other roads in the south and everywhere else in farming countries in the United States, was just about wide enough for two wagons to pass each other, so it allowed us to ride only four abreast.

Sometimes the road bent and suggested that there might be a change of view beyond, but there wasn't. There was absolutely no change of scenery that we could remember for the first 12 miles of our ride that day, so we really felt some pleasurable excitement when we halted at a railroad crossing and saw near by a station building, a freight depot, a tankhouse, a blacksmith shop and a store building, though our captain told us that all had been unoccupied for months.

We fed our horses with oats which we had taken with us on our gallop, with instructions as to just how much to give at a meal, and dined on hard tack from our haversacks and

ter from a brock. The long side had given me such an appetite that I was sorry that I had not brought at least part of my ration of pork. It might pass for butter when a man was very hungry. I was somewhat comforted, however, to note that my horse, which was tied next to Mick McTwyney's at the long rail fence beside the road, had frightened Mick's horse and eaten that animal's oats before tasting its own. Brainard and I met at lunch, and I had just asked him how he liked being a trooper, and he had expressed the hope that the Confederacy might feel as shaky on its legs as he, when we heard a shot or two in the distance. A sensation passed down the line, and we all started on foot to see what was the matter, but the captain ordered:

"To horse! Mount! Remember your guns! Forward!"

Looking out the road, we could see by the dust cloud that the other companies were in the saddle and moving forward. We rode about five minutes, hearing from time to time a few shots, but no bullets. Suddenly, however, across a field of wheat stubble came one of our men on horseback, making a great noise as he appeared to be trying to check his horse's gallop.

"A cavalierman ought to be able to manage his horse without so much fuss," said I, with some pride, for I had been taught to manage horses by the rein alone.

"The poor fellow is hurt," said the lieutenant who commanded our platoon. "Seems to be his thigh. I guess his horse is hit too."

Down went my heart into my boots or up into my throat. I couldn't determine which. If this was war, I wanted it to stop at once. Just to imagine myself coming wounded and screaming across a field like that poor fellow made me feel deadly sick. I strained

my eyes in the direction from which the wounded man had come, but saw nobody else. Meanwhile the surgeon had gone out to meet the man, who now was quite near us, and called to some one to take down part of the fence so the horse could reach the road. By the time the poor fellow reached the roadside he was very pale and leaning low on his horse, and we could see a broad red stain along the leg of his light blue trousers. He was helped to the ground, and the surgeon quickly cut away his clothing and examined the wound, while we moved on, my heart still being elsewhere than in its proper place.

On, on we rode, and the farther we went the more I wished we were going in the opposite direction. I am ashamed even now to remember how many different kinds of coward I was that day, but I was giving my entire mind to the subject, and in such circumstances a man can accomplish a great deal. Fortunately it was impossible to keep up the strain a long time, so within an hour or two I was cool enough for anything. I was too exhausted to be anything else.

When I regained my senses sufficiently to think of something besides myself, I was astonished at the coolness or carelessness of our lieutenant. He had once been a private soldier in one of the older companies, which were at the head of the column, but he did not ride ahead to ask questions, nor did he even dismount to speak to the wounded man, though he must have known him. In the middle of the afternoon we passed a member of one of the old companies going to the rear for something, and our lieutenant asked:

"What is it?"

"Nothin' much," said the man. "Their pickets was layin' for us."

"Nothing else?"

"No, except Big Brown's hoss was killed. He got one of theirs, though; that's all."

"Nothing much?" "That's all!" If a poor fellow, shrieking with agony over a broken thigh, which was being hurt still more at every step of his horse, was "nothing much" what would be regarded as something? If the "pickets layin' for us" could inflict so much misery, what would be the result of a full battle? Again I wanted to go home.

But no battle occurred that day, and we dismounted before dark and prepared to bivouac in the woods for the night, a stream crossing the road supplying ample water for men and horses. Brainard and I wanted to go right up to the front and learn all about the fight with the pickets, but the captain told us not to stray far from our horses. Some of the men began to ask when and where were the cook and the evening coffee, and when they learned that the cook had not come and that he should have dealt out ground coffee with the other rations, so that each man could make some for himself, there was a terrible hubbub, which reached the captain's ears and made him say

dreadful things about the cook. None of the fuss yielded a bit of coffee.

I was fortunate in never having contracted the coffee drinking habit, but what I lacked in thirst I made up in hunger. I already had eaten a full day's ration of hard tack, but it seemed only a mouthful. I consulted Hamilton, who had been named commissary sergeant, about the possibility of our getting anything else to eat during the three days, but he gave me no encouragement. Nevertheless I borrowed one biscuit of the nine which constituted the next day's ration and promised myself I would eat a light breakfast. Then I reminded myself that at home I often had gone without breakfast for the sake of starting early for a morning of fishing. Why could I not do likewise in Virginia? I regarded the proposition with enough favor to borrow another biscuit. But those bits of hard bread did not seem to fill the aching void that longed for them, and when I learned that most of the company were as hungry as I and were acting according to the sentiment, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may die," even though the death was to be by starvation, I followed their example with such industry that by the time I was ready to sleep my haversack was as empty as when I first came from the quartermaster's. Never before had I enjoyed any meal so thoroughly, yet 'twas nothing but hard bread seasoned with Virginia air.

It seemed only a minute to breakfast time, so soundly did I sleep during nature's effort to make amends for the wakeful night before. No sooner was I awake, however, than I began to think of breakfast and of not having anything of which to make it. If industry loves company, our troop ought to have been a most sociable lot, for nearly all had been as improvident as I. Soon I began to stroll desperately about the forest in which we were camped. I hoped to find at least a slippery elm tree from which to tear some bark to eat, but the trees were mostly pines, among which the elm seldom grows. At the edge of the wood was a cornfield, into which I sprang and tore open some husks, hoping to find a belated ear which might be soft enough to chew, but all the corn was hard. I plodded so long between the rows that suddenly I saw before me the roof of a cabin. There might be rebels in it, thought I, but if they took me prisoner they couldn't refuse me something to eat. No matter how rebellious, the southerner never lost his reputation for hospitality.

I was greeted at the cabin door by an old colored woman who looked at me savagely and said:

"Don't yo' come no farder, Mas' Sojer. Dey ain't nuffin left to steal. Yo' men dun tuk ev'ryting in de house las' night."

I took a silver quarter from my pocket. 'Twas a birth year pocket piece which I had carried for years; but, as Satan remarked the only time on record when he told the truth, "All that a man hath will he give for his life." I

held the coin up between my thumb and finger, and as the old woman's countenance changed pleasingly I said:

"I don't want to steal anything, aunty. I'm almost starved, and I'd like to buy a mouthful to eat, I don't care what."

"Yo' don't mean it, honey? Yo' ain't foolin'?"

"No; here's the money. Take it—give me something—quick!"

"Bress yo' soul!" said she, dragging me into the house. "Jesa yo' set down in dat cheer, an' I'll make yo' a co'hn pone in a minute."

She raised a board from the floor, scooped some cornmeal from a hiding place, mixed it in a pan with water and poured the mass, which was exactly like the food we made on our farm for young chickens, into a heavy iron pan that was in the fireplace. On top of the pan she put an iron lid, on which she piled hot coals. It seemed to me the cooking consumed at least two hours, but 'twas only ten minutes by my watch when the woman took off the lid and lifted out an immense loaf of what in Summertown would have been called baked chicken feed, but which in the south is called corn pone, sometimes hokecake.

And how good it was! How, as I ate one fragment after another, I felt the ghosts of past generations of my father's chickens on the enjoyment they must have had in eating just such breakfasts! It was solid, a little of it occupied a great lot of room inside my belt, but that was just what I wanted. There was neither salt, eggs nor baking powder in it, as there always was in corn bread at our house in Summertown, but the taste of the raw meal was delightful for its own sake. And the loaf was so easily

made that I then and there resolved never to go on another scout without a little bag of meal in my haversack.

As I ate, the old woman told me of the trouble she had in keeping in the house anything to eat. The southern soldiers, she said, stole everything she had wherever they came that way, as did the northern soldiers, so she had learned to keep her chickens, pigs and corn in the woods far back from the road, where nobody would be likely to find them, and her husband always watched them when any soldiers were in the neighborhood.

I wondered what the people in the north would think about such treatment of the colored people, for whose benefit some of them seemed to think the war was conducted, but my thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a bugle.

"Take do' res' along, honey," said the old woman, "an'"—here she looked under the door again—"hyab's some yams [sweet potatoes]. Tuck 'em in yo' pockets an' res' 'em in de hot ashes when yo' gits hungry."

I hurried away with profuse thanks, a full stomach and an entire willingness to face, single handed, the whole southern army in battle array. Many months later, when I had some soldiers under my own command, I gave more attention to the cookhouse than to my other duties combined. And how grateful were the smiles which Brainard, Hamilton and Cloyne gave me when I divided my surplus hokecake among them! Brainard said that bit of hokecake saved his life, so I had done the government as great a service as if I had brought a new soldier into the field.

Again we started, and as we rode the captain and lieutenants looked frequently at the horses' heads to see that curb bits were not chained too tight or hanging too high or too low and that the horses were not worried by being ridden with too tight reins. Most of the recruits wanted to make their horses arch their necks like soldiers' horses in statues and military pictures, and when the captain made them stop they muttered that war wasn't much fun. Big Pat Callahan said that a soldier was not only a dog, but he was expected to let his horse be a plug, which proved that the government was a condemned fool and deserved to be wiped out by the rebels. He did not get much sympathy from Mick McTwyney, for Mick was trying to carry the dignity of his new office, and it was such a heavy contrivance that he had no mind for anything else. His recruits, however, agreed fully with Big Pat Callahan and cursed the government loudly, and the captain didn't reprove them, which seemed to me gross neglect of duty.

We rode nearly all day, but nobody could tell us where we were or what we were expected to do or when we would do it, all of which, when prolonged for hours, began to be enraging in the extreme. When we halted at noon to feed the horses, I complained to Cloyne that if we never were to know what we were to do we might as well be so many machines.

"That's just what we're expected to be," said he, "and the sooner you realize it and live up to it the sooner you'll be a trustworthy soldier."

This was depressing. It was simply awful. Could there be no way of release for a mind which could not help working? I asked Cloyne how high in rank a soldier must be to do some thinking for the government, and he replied:

"General in chief of the army, as a rule, though before you've been long in the cavalry service you'll have an occasional chance to use all the brains you own and wish for another headful to help you through."

This was encouraging for a little while, and then it wasn't. During the day I found something besides the conduct of the war to think of. The dust raised by more than a thousand horses in front, our company being next to the last in column, was blinding and choking, besides getting inside my clothing and making me feel unspeakably dirty. How I wished I might take in rapid succession all the baths I had with great effort avoided when I was a small boy! The water in my canteen became disgustingly warm, for the midday sun was hot, and I had not learned how to cool a canteen, yet my mouth and throat were parched. My legs ached intensely from the steady pressure on the saddle, yet the horn of the saddle was so high, with the roll of blankets strapped to it, that I could not get relief by riding "woman fashion" for a few moments, as was the custom with farmers' boys at Summertown. Poor Brainard, who never before had done any riding, said he was sure his legs were being so bowed that they would have a wider spread than his shoulders, which would be extremely inconvenient, as well as unsightly. But there was one comfort—Mick McTwyney insisted that his legs were that bad that when he reached camp he was going to the hospital and remain there for life.

Suddenly, an hour after the afternoon march began, I was given a new subject for thought. A bugle call sounded from the advance, which was passed down the column by successive buglers. It was a call I had not heard before. "I asked the lieutenant what it was."

"'Us 'Charge!' That's what it is." [TO BE CONTINUED.]

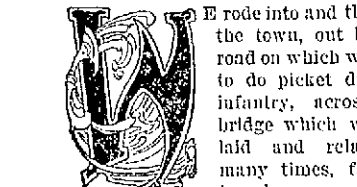
Sources of Alcohol. Some terribly potent liquors, it is said, can be distilled from the innocent looking cocanut and also from the bulk of the cocanut. The Japanese make a beverage from plums and from the flowers of the motherwort and the peach. The Chinese produce several qualities of spirit from rice and peas, all of them intoxicating, besides which they can make an alcoholic drink from mutton.



He was very pale and leaned low on his horse.



"Don't yo' come no farder, Mas' Sojer."



see the cavalry outpost's picket.

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Notice of Application. Wood County Court—in Probate. SEAN OF WISCONSIN, JES. COUNTY OF WOOD, JES. In the matter of the estate of Sheridan Jesmer, deceased. On this 4th day of December, A. D. 1902, upon reading and filing the petition of Phyllis Jesmer stating that the Sheridan Jesmer of the county of Wood, died intestate, on or about the 2nd day of November, 1902, and praying that she, Phyllis Jesmer, be appointed administratrix of the estate of said deceased. It is Ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in the city of Grand Rapids, on the 6th day of January, A. D. 1903, at ten o'clock, a. m. And it is Further Ordered, That notice of time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing. By the Court. W. J. CONWAY, County Judge.

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FOR THE HONOR OF A PRINCESS

By F. K. Scribner

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The Duke de Blart, a nobleman of ancient ancestry and a young man of great accomplishments, had disappeared from the court and with him the Princess Alice. It was known to the king that the duke had sought to be a churchman, being of gloomy mind and much given to melancholy. But Henry, having small desire to see so great a nobleman turn monk, had played right skilfully the dark eyes of his royal kinswoman against the church.

Strange it was that the duke had not bided his time until the king were ready for a royal wedding. As for me, humble lieutenant of the musketeers that I am, I knew that the princess loved him not, for I had been chosen by his majesty to guard her person and saw her daily. Right well I knew—But that belongs not in this story.

The most important thing was that my king had bidden me, in great secrecy, to choose but one follower and with him to ride to the duke's chateau at M.

The honor of the princess rested in my hand, of which fact Paris must not know.

It was an hour past midnight when I, with the Chevalier de Rossel at my side, rode forth from Paris. De Rossel was in cheerful mood.

"Zounds!" said he, snapping his fingers briskly. "Methinks this Duke de Blart hath o'ershot the mark. Plotting was bad enough, yet he must needs, having ridden with his princess beyond the walls, lay violent hands upon her person. Had he but waited, the king's desire had given her to him."

To my mind also came the thought the man must be truly mad; but, despite the weight of the occasion, something within me rejoiced that it lay within my power to undo the duke and return the princess to the king, her uncle.

The duke's dwelling lay some leagues from Paris, so the first dawn overtook us as we rode from the forest which surrounded the chateau on three sides. The place was of some strength, built in the days of the king's grandfather, so perchance some obstacle might lie between us and an entrance.

But upon our reaching the entrance to the dwelling we found it indeed most poorly guarded in that the guard had unbarred the door, the day being full upon us. Moreover, I perceived he was no other than one who had served the king, an ex-musketeer of mine own company.

Seeing me, he stood open mouthed, saluting with much ceremony, nor showed he any disposition to bar our progress.

"Faith," replied he to my greeting, "thou art come from Paris at a most early hour. The duke is yet abed, having come hither but yesterday in company with his cousin, who suffers from a malady."

"What now?" cried De Rossel. "Is the lady stricken?"

"That she is," replied the witless fellow, "for the duke bore her before him on the saddle and hath given her in charge of the women, bidding them look to it she commit no injury upon her person."

"Come they alone?" asked I.

"Only the two," replied he. "Art from the king?"

De Rossel plucked my sleeve. "Twas told in Paris," said he, "the duke's kinswoman had lost her wits, and 'tis the royal pleasure we learn concerning her condition. It is the purpose of his majesty to send his leech to cure her if occasion warrants it."

The fellow nodded. "The duke is much in favor with the king," said he. "Would see the woman who guards the maid?"

De Rossel cast upon me a look of triumph. "Twere most fitting," replied he, "for, the hour being early, 'twere an ill thing to arouse the duke, thy master."

"Tis a most strange thing," muttered De Rossel as we followed the servant through the long and dimly lighted corridor, "beyond comprehension, and methinks there comes a queer twist to our errand. Either this duke be drunk or truly mad; therefore look to it, M. de Marc, that no trap be set for us."

Presently we came unto the door of a chamber, and the servant drew back, signifying 'twas the room wherein was confined the princess.

"Go thou," said De Rossel gruffly. "Thou hast done thine errand." And he put in the fellow's palm a silver piece.

"I will remain here," said he, the man being gone, "and if any come to know our business I will deal with him." So saying, he unsheathed his sword and took his stand beside the door, upon which I knocked softly.

A voice from within demanded who sought admittance at so early an hour, when 'twas small courtesy to disturb a lady's quiet.

I replied that I bore a message from the duke which brooked of no delay, whereupon a bolt was withdrawn, the door partly opened, and the face of a woman appeared.

In the dim light she noted not my person, but demanded irritably that I deliver the message quickly and be gone. But I, placing my knee against the half closed door, thrust it back with such force that the woman was thrown to the floor, where she lay stunned.

"Tis the antechamber to the inner room," said De Rossel, peering over my shoulder. "Go in. I will look to the wench that she make no outcry."

Pushing the heavy draperies guard-

ing the entrance to the inner chamber aside, I entered without ceremony, then paused, for the princess was before me.

Aroused by the sound of voices in the antechamber she had risen from a couch and confronted me. The half light touched her with a glow soft as moonlight, revealing the whiteness of her skin, the gentle curve of her throat and neck and the veiled splendor of the soft, dark eyes.

"My lord," said she, "what means this intrusion? 'Tis but poor courtesy which sends thee hither when I would be alone."

She took me for the Duke de Blart. The shadow of the draperies concealed my features, and I bided somewhat the size of the nobleman the mistake was easy. I took a step toward her, the gleam of my left flashing in the light. She started, her hand going to a little toy dagger which lay upon the table at her side. Suddenly the color which had risen to her cheeks died away, her lips parted and her hand went to her heart.

"M. de Marc," she cried, "M. de Marc, 'tis thou! Thou wilt save me from this madman!"

"Princess," I replied, "none shall harm thee. The king hath sent me to take thee back to Paris."

She smiled softly, laying her hand upon my arm. "I leave M. de Marc," cried she, "would I might!"

The voice of De Rossel checked her words, his face appearing between the curtains.

"Look to thyself, De Marc!" he cried. A cry from the princess made me turn sharply. Beyond the circle of light where the dark canopy of the bed met the wall I saw an evil figure, cloaked and hooded, plumed hat upon head and naked blade in hand. 'Twas the Duke de Blart, who had entered noiselessly through a secret passage in the wall.

His eyes were fixed upon me in mute astonishment, nor methinks he recognized in the intruder of the princess' chamber the king's musketeer.

As I wavered, my hand upon the hilt, he advanced slowly, his eyes still fixed upon my face.

"Sir," said he very softly, "what would you with this lady?"

The princess crept to my side. "Brave M. de Marc," she whispered, "trust him not. A sudden thrust!"

"Sir," cried the duke a second time, "what is thy business?"

"At the king's command," replied I shortly.

"Aye, the good king," he muttered. "We were to dine together. What of the king?"

De Rossel stepped across the threshold. "The man is mad," he whispered; "mad as a hare. Beware, De Marc." The sight of him changed the duke's mood.

"Begone!" he cried; then of a sudden he lunged at me with his sword.

As the blood drawn from the prick he gave me in the shoulder appeared upon the lace of my collar the princess cried out, and De Rossel pressed forward.

Angered by the wound, I made to thrust my opponent through the body, but De Rossel thrust my point aside.

"Wouldst slay a madman?" he cried. "There is another way."

Even as he spoke my point, being turned from its true aim, pierced the duke's shoulder. He started back, a wondrous change coming over him. The mad light in his eyes died out, the letting forth of blood o'ershotting the malady. With a bewildered gesture he passed his hand across his eyes.

"O God," he muttered, "what thing be this?"

Suddenly, before I could intervene, he threw himself upon his knees before the princess.

"Madame," cried he, "tis the curse upon my race. 'Twas for that I sought to be a churchman."

A look of great pity came to the lady's eyes. "My lord," said she, "thou art forgiven. The king—"

"The king!" cried he. "I cannot meet the king!"

With a cry of terror he gained his feet and sought blindly for his sword. I thought he would have set upon us and stood on guard, but 'twas against himself he turned the blade.

Quicker than thought he set the hilt against the wall, pressing the point upon his heart so the steel pierced through ere any could raise a staying hand.

De Rossel bent over the quivering body. "God's death!" he muttered. "Tis a sorry thing. The madness of the Duke de Blart hath slain him."

Then, turning to the princess, who leaned half fainting against my shoulder, spoke he:

"Madame, the horses await below and the king in Paris. Let us ride thither quickly. I warrant M. de Marc will soon become a nobleman."

But what care I for what the king might offer me? In the eyes of the princess I had read that which is not in the gift of kings.

Peasant Life in Moravia.

The days of the village fair were interesting. Peasants in curious quaint costumes came from every direction. It is rather embarrassing for an American to have men and women take his hand and kiss it. Nor did they seem one whit degraded thereby, says Doubleday's Magazine. All appeared to be happiness, comfort and contentment. The hard grind of American farm life was nowhere visible, but laughter and song, beer and wine made each day seem a fair day. Not once was any drunkenness observed, or any quarrelling, or any loud, profane talk. A simple, God-fearing people, well to do, comfortable in their homes, happy in their occupations, respectful, yet self-respecting, their lives glided on, "darkened by shadows of earth, yet reflecting the fragrance of heaven." Nowhere can you find a more ideal community than at Schloss Grussbach, in old Moravia.

A FEAST THAT FAILED.

The Story of a Raccoon That Was Not Served For Breakfast.

It is within the memory of many people that the custom of schoolteachers "boarding around" was the usual thing in country districts. Although a custom which teachers seldom liked, it is doubtful if many of them had as hard a time as a young schoolmaster who described his experience in the New England Galaxy for 1847. The article was written by Leonard Apthorp, then an undergraduate of Bowdoin college. The young schoolmaster was to receive \$15 a month and his board.

From the first day I perceived that I was at board on speculation and at the mercy of a close calculation, he writes. One day the whole dinner consisted of a single dumpling, which they called a pudding, and five sausages, which in cooking shrank to the size of pipestems. There were five of us at table.

A few days afterward, on my return from school, my eyes were delighted by the sight of an animal I had never seen before. It was a raccoon, which the young man, Jonathan, had killed and brought home in triumph. When skinned, he seemed to be one entire mass of fat and of a most delicate whiteness. I was overjoyed and went to bed early to dream of delicious steaks which the morrow would bring.

Long before daylight I heard the family stirring, and the alacrity of quick footsteps and the repeated opening and shutting of doors all gave assurance of the coming holiday.

I was soon ready for breakfast, and when seated at table I observed that the place of Jonathan was vacant.

"Where is Jonathan?" I asked.

"Gone to market," said they.

"Market! What market, pray? I did not know there was any market in these parts."

"Oh, yes," they said, "he is gone to—about thirty miles to the southward of us."

"And what has called him up so early to go to market?"

"He is gone," said they, "to sell his raccoon."

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

The fool's ear was made for the knave's tongue.—Ramaswami's "Indian Fables."

Bad habits are leeches that would suck a Hercules to effeminacy.—"A Speckled Bird."

Money buys things, and love wins things; power takes things.—"Fame For a Woman."

Duly is what we think about when ill or are reminded of by creditors.—Davidson's "Dumas."

When a man ceases to make love to his wife, some other man begins.—"Fables For the Elite."

People whose lives are anything but a joke are usually content with the smallest jests.—"The Vultures."

Mothers personify circumstances to children. We are symbols to them of badging, cramping fate.—"The Rescued."

A woman is like unto a volcano, which, even when inactive, is palpating to spit forth its fire and which, when it does vent its fury, bursts the bounds of its late enforced suppression.—"The Woeing of Wistaria."

Girls Help Waiters to Cheat.

Among hotel employees sex does not appear to make any difference so far as honesty is concerned, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Certain young women who act as checkers in hotels work with certain waiters. Whenever one of the girls obtains a position the men soon follow her, and the hotel proprietor is victimized accordingly. The waiter who is in league with the checker makes a small private mark on the check with which he desires to cheat. She sees it, and instead of stamping the prices against the articles ordered she puts her fingers over the figures on the die so that a slight blotch is all that is recorded in the place for figures. The waiter does the rest. She keeps her account against her confederates, and they settle up later on the outside.

Tough That Holds Memory.

Once upon a time there was a man who was a chronic borrower of money, and he was never known to sight an acquaintance through neglect. He was extremely well known by a large circle of acquaintances, which he was continually endeavoring to enlarge.

The members of this growing circle never forgot him, and even after his death he remained green in their memories.

Moral.—A man to insure being remembered must keep in touch with his friends.—New York Herald.

After the Sunshine.

"What became of that Sunshine club which Daisy started?"

"Oh, it's under a cloud. After the first annual election of officers it was impossible to get a quorum owing to the fact that no two members of the club were 'on speaking terms.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Unconventional.

"You spoke of Gloomer as being 'queer.' Is he mentally unbalanced?"

"Not exactly that. He's merely eccentric and peculiar. He gives in his property to the assessor at the same figure he has it insured for."—Chicago Tribune.

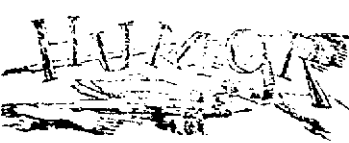
What He Realized.

Judge—You do not seem to realize the enormity of the charge against you.

Prisoner—No; I ain't got my lawyer's bill yet, but I'm expectin' the charge'll be enormous, all right.—Philadelphia Record.

Don't Worry If Your Associates Push You to the Wall.

You will find the wall handy as a brace when you get ready to push back.—Vicksburg Herald.



"WHY DID THEY TIE HIM?"

Tommy Is Still Mystified Over the Nathan Hale Statue.

Mrs. Worth last week came over from Brooklyn with her precocious nine-year-old son Tommy and walked with him across the City Hall park. Tommy manifested a lively interest in the Nathan Hale statue. He wanted a good, long look at it, and his mother humored him.

"Mamma, what's he tied for?" was Tommy's first question after his searching examination.

"So he can't get away," the proud mother replied.

"Is he alive?" was the next question.

"No, Tommy; he's made of bronze, and there's no life in that."

"Then he couldn't get away, could he, mamma?"

"No, dearest."

"Then what is he tied for?"

"You see, dear, the soldiers caught him and bound him that way, and then they hanged him."

"Did they kill him, mamma?"

"Yes, darling."

"Then he is dead, isn't he?"

"Yes, love."

"Then how could he get away?"

"Um—er—why, Tommy?"

"Then why did they tie him, mamma?"

Only the roar of Broadway could be heard above the intensity of her silence, and as she led the little fellow along he echoed over and over, "What did they tie him for, mamma?"—New York Times.

A Point He Forgot.

It was in a small town up the state. A young lawyer who was counsel for the prisoner in a murder trial was cross-examining an old farmer, the chief witness of the prosecution. The testimony of the farmer went to show the time at which he saw the accused pass a field where he was working.

"Now, my man," he commenced, "you declare that you saw the prisoner pass your potato field at 12 o'clock. How did you know it was 12 o'clock?"

"Kind of inward feelin' that it was dinner time," drawled the old farmer. "I don't carry no watch when out diggin' potatoes. But when I got home an hour later it was half past 2 by the kitchen clock."

The young lawyer did not wait to hear more. He turned to the jury and began, "Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard what this old gentleman has said in regard to the time, and—"

"Say, mister," interrupted the farmer, "I forgot to tell you that the kitchen clock has been at half past 2 for the last three years."—New York Times.

Philosophic Pills.

Lots of talk about this old world not being a bright one, yet if it went to blazing first thing you'd do would be to call out the fire department.

There's always life in the old land, but the world gets mighty tired diggins' so deep for it.

The charity of this world covers a multitude of sinners that don't care a straw for any other covering.

Some folks spend so much time in looking backward they never see the train coming till it's too late to step aside.—Atlanta Constitution.

Serious Matter.

The young man in the dress suit was angry.

"I say," he exclaimed, "it's a damned outrage!"

"What is?" asked the proprietor of the restaurant.

"I've been mistaken for a waitah twice!" complained the youth.

"Thunder and guns!" cried the proprietor excitedly. "We'll have to find a way to stop that or I won't be able to keep my waiters."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Suspicious.

"I'm afraid my husband doesn't love me any more," said the bride of six months, with an overgrown sigh.

"When did you discover the change?" asked her mother.

"When I discovered that he had quit leaving any change in his pockets," replied the young lady sadly.

Dead Night.



Cynic—One of the greatest nuisances on earth is this custom of shaking hands with every one you meet.

Friend—That's right, old man. Shakes!—San Francisco Chronicle.

Strong For the Strong.

"Your father has a strong box at home, hasn't he, Willie?" said the teacher.

"Yes'm," replied Willie; "the one he keeps the hamburger in."—Yonkers Statesman.

SNOWDRIFT STORIES

(Copyright, 1902, by C. B. Lewis.)

When the conductor of the U. P. train came back to the parlor cars and said that the train was stopped by a snow-drift twenty feet high and half a mile long and that it might be three days before we were dug out, there were considerable swearing among the male passengers and weeping and lamenting among the women and children. Night came down with a wild wailing of wind and everybody kicking and ready for a quarrel, and then the Chicago drummer showed what kind of a man he was. In a quiet, gentle way he drove the passengers into the last coach, kissed all the children, smiled at all the women and bowed to the men as he began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is a simple incident of railroad travel in the winter. In a few hours we shall be steaming on our way again, and this detention will be remembered only as a pleasant adventure. Three years ago business called me to Manitoba. It began snowing one day, and in the course of three hours our train had come to a standstill. We were caught between stations twenty miles apart, and within ten hours engine and cars were buried out of sight. There was only food enough for one meal, and by noon next day the fuel had given out. There were more than a hundred of us, and death by freezing and starvation stared us in the face."

"Seems to me I heard of that incident," said the redheaded man from Omaha.

"Of course you did—of course," replied the drummer, "as the details were published far and wide. We were in that drift for sixteen days. I have always felt sorry for the ten little children, but under such circumstances what can you do? It is a case of the survival of the fittest. Yes, the children had to go. There came a day when we had eaten the last of our shoes and gloves, and we had to begin on the children."

"You don't mean that you turned cannibals?" exclaimed the mother of a four-year-old boy.

"Ah, madam, when men are dying of hunger they have no sentiment," replied the drummer. "The last of the children had disappeared when we were rescued. I am sorry, deeply sorry, but I feel myself blameless. I had eaten my shoes, gloves, hat and the velvet collar of my overcoat first. I had even tried to eat the plush cover of the seats, but the stuff got tangled in my teeth and wouldn't go down. I knew that there were ten fat children aboard, ranging in age from one to seven years, but I was not the first to propose it. No, believe me, I was not. I had intended to keep right on and starve to death, but the others were fiercer to live, and live they did. The first child selected was a beautiful little boy. Ah, I remember!"

The drummer wiped tears from his eyes with his knuckles and was overcome for a moment. When he could control his voice again, he said:

"I cannot go on. I refer you to the papers of that date for further particulars. I brought up the incident for its moral effect alone. Always remember, my friends, that no matter how bad things are they might be worse."

Most of us had mentally set him down as a bold faced liar, but forgive him on the ground that he was lying in our interests, when he cleared his throat and resumed:

"I was in the Blank hotel in St. Louis when that terrible conflagration broke out. As I am a Chicago man, and as there is a bitter jealousy between the two cities, I was stuck away up on the ninth floor in a small room. It was midnight, and I was sleeping like a babe when the smoke and flame and confusion aroused me. Hastily throwing on my clothes, I dashed out into the hall. From a window at the back end dangled a rope—a single rope. There was just time for one person to slide down before the rope would be burned in train and rendered useless, while there were forty women and myself to be saved. In this emergency—"

"You saved the forty women, of course," interrupted an old maid from Iowa.

"No, ma'am; I am happy to say I didn't," replied the drummer. "With their shrieks and screams ringing in my ears, I caught the rope and descended in safety, and every one of them perished."

"But that was worse than cowardly on your part. A man who would do that!"

"I acted for the best, I assure you, ma'am. Those ladies were delegates to a Christian Endeavor convention. They had attended a meeting that day. They were ready to go. On the contrary, I was at that time a sinful man and needed at least two years to even stop swearing. There has never been the slightest doubt in my mind where the forty went to, but if I hadn't escaped by the rope my whereabouts to this day would be a subject of anxiety to my friends. The moral lesson I seek to convey is that none of us should ever stand in the way of somebody else getting hold of a good thing."

Two or three of the men said something about punching some one's head, and three or four of the women looked upon the drummer as a monster. Others looked horrified, and some tried to smile in a doubtful way, and it was a painful pause as the drummer hunted in his vest pocket for a tobacco. As he dropped it into his mouth he said:

"I tell you the story because of the moral lesson conveyed. There are worse things than being snowed up here. For instance, we might be strangled in our beds." M. QUAD.

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It is well to remember that there is a good store where you can get the best shoe service. Some day you will want a pair in a hurry and you may not know where to go.

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This is the all around satisfactory place to buy shoes. Remember!

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When looking for anything in the harness line, don't forget that J. H. Landry, whose shop is near the bridge on the West side, is always ready to supply your wants. He keeps everything in the line of harnesses and horse goods and his prices are so low that, once you have traded with him you will look him up again. Repairing done with neatness and dispatch.

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Grand Rapids Tribune

BY DRUMB & SUTOR.

Grand Rapids, Wis., Dec., 31 1902

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Football and Education.

The close of another football season furnishes an opportunity to take an accounting of affairs and renew the discussion as to the advisability of admitting this game into high schools and colleges. Athletics have come to be regarded as a necessary of a well balanced education and all institutions of any importance make it a point to encourage them in every legitimate manner possible. Football, however, on account of the danger alleged to be linked inseparably with it, while encouraged in some quarters, is frowned upon in others. The chief objection to the game comes from principals of high schools, some of them not permitting the game to be played at all.

The subject has drawn forth much discussion in the past and doubtless will continue to do so in the future, but despite the hazard and the opposition to it, the game continues to grow in popularity each year, and the high school teacher or the college professor, who publicly opposes it, is likely to lose no small amount of prestige with his wide awake students who are inclined to athletic sports.

A recent subject the opinion of President Northrop, of the University of Minnesota, will be of interest. In the course of a published interview he says:

"At first I regarded football as an evil which could not well be avoided. I have watched the game for several years and have slowly but surely come to the conclusion that the game is, on the whole, desirable through not lacking some features that are to be regretted. No doubt football is a dangerous game when played by untrained persons whose physical condition is not what it should be, but it is not ordinarily dangerous for those whose physical condition has been examined by a competent physician and pronounced good and who have been trained to play the game as it ought to be. The danger is much less than it appears to be because the men are padded so as to be able to fall without injury.

"Of course, accidents may occur, as they may at every step of our lives. But we do not on that account shut ourselves up and refuse to go anywhere or do anything. We take chances, so to speak, whenever we leave our homes. I may add that football certainly does not improve the scholarship of those devoted to it and on the whole is not, I think, helpful to the general scholarship of the institution, meaning by scholarship proficiency in regular studies. Few football men are distinguished for scholarship and many football men are of low grade scholarship."

One point to which attention is called is worthy of emphasis. It is that the candidate for football should be examined by a physician to determine whether or not he is able to stand the rigorous training and the severe work of the game. That question settled in his favor, the danger of accidents is materially lessened. To attempt to curb the inclinations of students when turned toward wholesome sports is a mistake. They should rather be encouraged within reasonable limitations, and they will be better for it.

DR. RODERMUND of small pox fame is still having troubles of his own. He recently made up his mind to leave Appleton and settle in Milwaukee. He went there and rented rooms but when he came to move in the owner of the building refused to give him the office. Dr. Rodermund says that the doctor profession as it now exists is all a fake and that if the people of Milwaukee would listen to him he would save them \$2,000,000 a year. He does not state how much he would save himself, but it ought to equal this amount.

ONE of the eastern roads has decided to put a bridal car on its line for the exclusive use of bridal parties. The innovation is said to have been caused by the fact that the passengers have begun to complain of the frequent showers of rice and old shoes that are fired by the energetic but erring friends of offending parties. It is thought that a separate car will have a tendency to protect the passengers who have passed through this stage of mental aberration or may have escaped the affliction up to date.

The canvass of the result of the recent election has been completed with the compilation of the vote on the three constitutional amendments, all of which passed. The totals are: For revision of banking law, 64,836; against, 44,620.

For change in election of school superintendent, 71,550; against, 57,411.

ADMIRAL CERVERA, who surrendered to Admiral Schley during the late unpleasantness with Spain, has been promoted to the office of chief of staff of the navy. Considering the size of Spain's navy, this must be more of an honorary than an executive office.

The Tribune heartily wishes its many readers a prosperous and happy New Year.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, 1888.

LUCAS CO. SURV. Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner in the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, county and state aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of Hall's Catarrh Cure.

SWORN to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 30th day of December, A. D. 1902.

[SEAL] A. W. GLENNON, Notary Public.

HALL'S Catarrh Cure is sold internally, and acts directly on the blood and internal organs of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O. Sold by druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Was McConnell's Wife.

It may be some local interest to know that Laura Biggar, the woman who was acquitted Wednesday at Freehold, N. J., of the charge of conspiracy to obtain the entire estate of \$300,000 of a wealthy invalid, H. W. Bennett of Pittsburgh, with whom she had lived and nursed for several years, was once the wife of J. W. McConnell, William Owen's leading man. It was the contention of Miss Biggar, that being her stage name, that she was the wife of Bennett at the time of his death. On the other hand it was alleged that she had colluded with Dr. Charles Hendricks and Samuel Stanton, the latter a justice of the peace, to demand the estate. At the trial an alleged bogus marriage certificate issued by the justice and posthumous child entered prominently in the case. Bennett had left Miss Biggar \$172,000 in his will but she had brought action for the entire estate. At the trial just closed Miss Biggar and her co-defendants were being tried for fraud and perjury, Miss Biggar being acquitted and the others convicted.

It is said that McConnell gave testimony for the defense in the trial, stating that Laura Biggar had told him that she had been married to Bennett. It is further stated that there is a possibility of reconciliation between McConnell and his former wife.

Cane Has Been Pathetic

The coming back into the life of Miss Biggar at this critical turn of James Willis McConnell, the actor, who was her first husband, long since forgotten, to swear in her behalf gave color of pathos to the hearing seldom seen in criminal courts.

Mr. McConnell and Miss Biggar met for the first time one Sunday afternoon at a rehearsal. At that time she was 17 years old. Against her mother's wishes she had gone on the stage. She had a sweet voice, plenty of emotion, and was beautiful. Nothing more was needed in such roles as hers.

McConnell, the leading man in the play, surrendered completely, and made love to Laura Biggar. She was a mere child, and her mother would not consent to a marriage.

Next season both young people went with a stock company on the road. They were married in Winnipeg in 1889 by the Rev. Dr. Fatline.

Later they played in separate companies and finally she sued for divorce on the ground of non-support and obtained it.

After the divorce Laura Biggar continued with Hoyt, and McConnell went west to join the young Shakespearean actor William Owen, to produce Shakespearean plays. The two are co-stars now in a stock company that is playing throughout the west.

Telegraphed Him for Aid

"One night we were in a little town out in Wisconsin about two weeks ago," said the actor. "I was sitting near a stove in a little hotel waiting for supper when a telegram was handed to me, it nearly took my breath away when I saw that it was from Laura Biggar.

"I knew that old man Bennett had told me that he was married to her when I went to his house once to get my boy, Willis, from his mother. I knew that Laura could not be all she was painted by the prosecution.

"When I received her telegram asking me if I would not come east and help her I said, 'Yes, I'll go back to her right now, and I'll take the witness stand and swear what Bennett told me about his wedding; it may help her out. It may be the only means of shielding her name and bringing justice to her and to my little boy, her child, and here I am.'"

About Telephones.

Charles G. Starks of the Berlin Journal, the veteran telephone man of the state, has the following about early phoning. We trust that what he says does not apply to anyone in Waukegan.

The editor of the Journal put up the first telephone in Berlin on July 5th, 1878. He rented a pair of American phones from Valentine Bros., the present telegraph school proprietors in Janesville, who were agents for that instrument. The first Berlin phone was used over a grounded circuit of stove pipe wire procured at a hardware store and put up on house tops. The telephone was a magneto no battery being used, and it was transferred from the mouth to the ear and vice versa, no separate transmitter being employed. It was a great curiosity. From the Journal of July 8, 1878, we quote:

"The magnetic telephone recently procured by the editor is now working between office and residence, six blocks. We can now at any hour of the day communicate with our wife or anybody else's wife who chances to be at our house. We can hear the baby cry, ask how near dinner is ready and almost even smell the fried onions on the stove. It is the most convenient thing for scolding you ever saw. The other day we came off and forgot to feed the pigs. The telephone enabled us to communicate with the house and we have since found feeding pigs by telephone to be altogether the easiest way. Now when the bell rings for noon or night, we invariably get a message by telephone something like this: 'Say, have you got that liver for breakfast?' 'Don't forget that bundle.' 'Be sure and get a loaf of bread for dinner.' 'Don't you dare to come home without that new mop I told you to get.' The other day some visitors dropped in to dinner without warning. The phone informed us that 'that old snoop of a Mrs. Tompkins and all her brats had come to get their dinner as usual without any warning and we must send up five pounds of steak as soon as possible.' Oh, this telephone is a huge affair and should be in every family. They are a big success."

That was twenty-four years ago and yet at this late day and age many well-to-do families, abundantly able to have a phone, are getting along without, or worse yet, are sponging the use regularly and systematically from the neighbors.

E. T. McCarthy has purchased two new Champion Blowers for his new blacksmith shop. They are one of the most up-to-date machines in the market; he has room for thirty horses and can accommodate his old and new customers.

About the City.

He was all of 6 feet tall and his 200 pounds were beautifully distributed; a "sparkler" that must have set him back about \$250 glistened on the third finger of his right hand and he wore a "really, truly" Panama.

When he shouldered his way through the swinging doors which lead to a well known drink dispensary his perfect "front" and general air of ready money won him a suave smile and a bow from the gentleman in white whose duty it is to fill the prescriptions behind the mahogany.

He leaned negligently against the brass rail and surveyed the bottles and cut glass, thoughtfully shifting his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other by a movement of his lips.

"What will it be this evening?" politely inquired the mixologist and waited some seconds for a reply. Finally the big Adonis squinted across the polished wood through the smoke from his Panama and remarked in a tired voice that a "tin roof" would just about touch the spot.

"I beg pardon, sir, but a 'tin roof' is a new one on me," said the bartender apologetically, "I'm not from K. C. Mizz-o, but I'm afraid you'll have to show me."

"A 'tin roof,' my friend," said the drink purchaser in a lofty tone, "is concocted in a similar manner to a gin rickey, with the trifling exception that to the required amount of clove gin you are to add a few drops of cordials, the selection of the same being left to your own wisdom and taste. I think that is the recipe."

"This will be a pretty bun kind of a drink, if I am any judge," growled the attendant, as he busied up and mixed the dose "just as the doctor ordered."

But the man of queer taste seemed to enjoy his little drink and closed his eyes dreamily as he sipped it slowly. When he reached the bottom he strolled toward the door.

"Very sorry to mention it, sir, but haven't you forgotten something? Haven't seen any money for this yet you know," remarked the pharmacist, as the visitor seemed about to leave the place.

"Pay for that drink, my boy! Your remarks are innumerable and uncalled for. You will probably recollect that I christened that small dose a 'tin roof.' Need I remind you that a 'tin roof' is always 'on the house'?" And with that he vanished through the swinging doors which respond so rapidly to the slightest touch.

The next visitor was a small, nervous man attired in shabby black. His coat was a three button frock and his trousers needed creasing. His shoes were innocent of polish and his hat was of the vintage of '98. As one of the loungers remarked, "That gazook looks as though he had had his coin on a dead card all his life, for fair."

The little man sidled up to the end of the bar nearest the door. Then he said very politely, "Do you keep beer here?" Upon receiving an affirmative reply, he announced that he would take about 5 cents worth done up in a tall glass.

The glass he drew was so very tall that he did not attempt to lift it, but pulling it to the edge of the mahogany with both hands, he tipped the huge affair to the required angle and allowed "the largest and coolest in the city" to flow down toward the region of his epiglottis.

While engaged in this delightful process his glance fell on a sign which announced to the observer that Pabst's beer was the "perfection of brewing reached in America." His eyes brightened perceptibly.

"Oh! Is this Mr. Pabst's beer that I am drinking? How glad I am to learn it. I know Mr. Pabst very well and I will settle with him for this." The last words of this short speech were spoken over his shoulder, as the little man seemed to think it was his one to "exit L."

Then he, too, passed out through the swinging doors which respond so readily to the slightest touch.

There was nothing irregular about any of the callers for about two hours and the cash register jingled merrily every time there was a sale.

Then a "brace of real ones" blew in. Their appearance beggared description. Both looked as though they had stepped from the "hobo" page of one of the comic weeklies. The bartender eyed them suspiciously and placed the siphon bottle where he could get action on it "quicker'n Jerry signed the note."

But with a calm air of assurance which left no doubt as to their inherent honesty, whatever their appearance seemed to indicate, they both ordered rye, or as they phrased it, "a little red liquor in a dry glass." Mr. White Coat dexterously skated a tall bottle and two small glasses across the polished wood and having supplied the customers with the necessary "chasers" resumed his usual occupation of slowly wiping the bar with a towel.

As soon as the taller of the two "Wearies" had swallowed his portion, a most amazing transformation took place. His unshaven face turned to an almost sickly green, his eyeballs rolled back in his head and he clutched his companion for support. Groaning heavily, he sank to the tiled floor, where he lay, his limbs contorting heavily.

The friend of the sick man expressed fear in every feature. "What do you mean by dopin' Jim's booze, you big stiff," he yelled to the alighted wine clerk. "I'll have this place pinched, s'help me Clark street. That gazeboid tried to do for me side-kicker," he said to the crowd which now stood about the prostrate man. "Lemme 'lone till I get him into the open air."

And carrying his "side-kicker" in his arms, he vanished through the swinging doors.

In a moment the bartender walked to the door and gazed out. When he returned, his face was livid. He stuttered and stammered in an ecstasy of wrath. Finally he managed to blurt out, "Just another case of being stuck up for a couple of drinks. That's three times tonight. And that's the limit. No more. No more. Say, if old J. Pierp Morgan himself walked in here now and ordered up a snit o' beer he'd have to lay his little old nicker on the timber before he'd even get a look in at it. I pass up this charity, graft. I'm going to throw

away the put back bottle and bar the free list. Youse guys can push out now because I'm going to lock up. And you can just circulate the report that tomorrow I'll be Cossack" up against this bar all day just waiting for some 212 jay to graft a drink on me.

"The first boy that makes a play of that kind will get the siphon, the bang starter and the brass 'knucks' all in less than a minute. And that ain't no Mott street dream neither."

Market Prices.

The following are the market prices of produce in the city of Grand Rapids corrected on the day of publication:

Potatoes, 2 bushel.....	1.25
Wheat, No. 2, 2 bushel.....	1.25
Rye, 2 bushel.....	.41
Oats, 2 bushel.....	.31
Corn, shelled, 2 100 lbs.....	1.22
Hay, marsh, 2 ton.....	1.20
Hay, timothy, 2 ton.....	1.20
Flax, 2 bushel.....	.75
Butter, 2 lb.....	.18
Eggs, 2 bushel.....	1.50
Beans, 2 bushel.....	.20
Onions, 2 bushel.....	.25
Peas, 2 bushel.....	.20
Feed, dressed, 2 100 lbs.....	\$1.20 to \$1.50
Pork, live.....	5.00
Pork, dressed.....	6.50
Veal, live.....	.09
Veal, dressed.....	.60
Chickens, live.....	.75
Chickens, dressed.....	1.25
Turkeys, live.....	.15
Turkeys, dressed.....	.90
Plum, patent, 2 bbl.....	4.20
Feed, 2 ton.....	22.50
Brass, 2 ton.....	15.50
Bolled Corn Meal, bbl.....	3.50
Lard, lb.....	.12
Whole Hams, lb.....	.12
Mess Pork, bbl.....	17.00

—One big load of dry kindling wood delivered to any part of the city for \$1.25. BADGER BOX & LUMBER CO. Telephone No. 314.

A Good Cough Medicine.

From the Gazette, Toronto, Ontario, Australia. I find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is an excellent medicine. I have been suffering from a severe cough for the last two months, and it has effected a cure. I have great pleasure in recommending it.—W. C. Weckner. This is the opinion of one of the oldest and most respected residents, and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefited, as was Mr. Weckner. This remedy is sold by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

Wausau Pilot: Certain business men are talking of erecting a match factory in the northern part of town on the west side of the river at some early date. The site that meets with most favor being the old Parcher mill site. Such a plant could undoubtedly be made to pay in Wausau, though it would have the Oshkosh factory to compete with. In Wausau there is an abundance of refuse pine to be secured from the mills and factories that could be worked up into matches. At different times carloads of this refuse have been shipped to the Oshkosh factory, the buyers paying the freight and making a profit on the manufactured product. The men back of the scheme are all solid business men and should such an institution be built will no doubt make it a success.

An Honest Statement.

Mr. William Acton of 212 Fourth St. Lincoln, Ill., says: Our daughter aged sixteen, was suffering with a severe cough and cold on her lungs. Common remedies seemed to afford no relief and myself and her mother feared pneumonia or consumption. She began taking Harts' Honey and Horehound and in less than two weeks was entirely cured. We always recommend Harts' Honey and Horehound to any one suffering with a deep seated cough or cold. Sold by Sam Church, druggist.

Atty. John A. Gaynor of Grand Rapids, spent Monday in this city and closed a contract with J. C. Marsh for terminal facilities for the Wood County Telephone Co. He praised in highest terms Marshfield's present telephone system and predicted that the number will be increased to 400 before the end of next year.—Marshfield News.

A Better ..EMULSION..

than any you can buy

There are three kinds of Cod Liver Oil Emulsion. One kind you see advertised in all the newspapers; another kind the druggist buys of some wholesale manufacturer; the third kind the druggist makes himself. This last is the BEST kind. Our's belongs to this class. We make it ourselves and we know all about it. We know that we put in 50 per cent. of our Imported Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil; (whereas the other kinds usually contain about 20 to 30 per cent.) If our's is not better in every way than any others you have used, we will refund your money. Price 75c a bottle. Cut out this adv. and bring it to us with 50c for a full sized bottle.

Otto's Pharmacy,

211 Cranberry St., Grand Rapids

MAIL ORDERS PROMPTLY ATTENDED TO

Johnson & Hill Co.

GRAND RAPIDS, WISCONSIN.

AFTER-HOLIDAY Clearing Sale

Now that the great holiday rush is over, giving us time to more carefully look over our stock, we find a great many broken lines, odds and edds, remnants, etc.

WE WANT TO CLEAN UP ON ALL WINTER GOODS.

We don't want to carry over anything in these lines and with this end in view we have cut the price deep, in some cases one-third.

Ladies' Jackets.

There may be those who have put off buying, waiting for these bargains. Now is the time. Prices greatly reduced. Furs and Fur Coats greatly reduced.

Portieres and Couch Covers.

At 10 to 20 per cent discount during clearance sale.

Blankets and Quilts.

Blankets at 50c to \$10 per pair. All must go before Feb. 1st.

School Shoes.

Ask to see our \$1.25 and \$1.50 school shoes for girls.

Carpets and Rugs.

Don't forget we keep the finest line of carpets in Wood county.

Broken Lines of Men's, Boys' and Children's

SUITS.

There are a great number of suits only one or two of a line left but a great assortment and sizes to fit all in the entire lot. The price is cut deep. Now is the time.

Shawls! Shawls!

All wool shawls at almost your own price.

Night Robes.

Outing Flannel night robes—a complete new line.

Overshoes and Rubbers.

Did you get a poor pair somewhere. Come here when you want another pair. We will give you good ones and cheap too.

Remember we guarantee everything. Money refunded if not right. Come in and help us clear the decks for the upcoming season.

JOHNSON & HILL COMPANY

DEPARTMENT STORE.

EAST SIDE.

GRAND RAPIDS.

FRANK A. CADDY,
Attorney at Law.

Offices in Wood Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin. A general law business conducted.

REAL ESTATE MATTERS A SPECIALTY

If you want to sell your farm or house and lot, list it for sale with me. If you want to buy a farm, a house in the city, or wild land, let me tell you where you can do so cheapest and best. Real estate loans and investments negotiated. Defective Titles Perfected.

GOGGINS & BRAZEAU,
Attorneys at Law.

Office in the Mackinac Block on the West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

WHEELAN & WHEELAN,
Attorneys at Law.

Office in the Daily Block on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

B. M. VAUGHAN,
Attorney at Law.

Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission. Gardner Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

W. J. CONWAY,
Attorney at Law.

Offices in Court House, East Side, and MacKinnon Block, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

CONWAY & JEFFREY,
Attorneys at Law.

Law, Loans and Collections. We have savings which will be loaned at a low rate of interest. Office over First National Bank, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

GEO. H. METCALFE,
Attorney at Law.

Office in Mackinac block on the west side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

J. W. COCHRAN,
Attorney at Law.

Office over the Bank, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis. Will practice in all courts of the state.

JOHN A. GAYNOR,
Attorney at Law.

Office over the Postoffice on the East Side. Will practice in all courts.

DR. ROBT. F. ERLER,
Dentist.

Teeth extracted and filled without pain. Fill sets in gold and rubber plates. Office in Current Building on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. O. T. HOUGEN,
Physician and Surgeon.

Office over Daily Star store on east side, Grand Rapids. Office phone No. 312, residence No. 102.

DR. W. D. HARVIE,
Physician and Surgeon.

Specialty of eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses accurately fitted. Office over Cohen's store, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. J. J. LOOZE,
Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 82. Residence telephone No. 246. Office over Wood County Drug store on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. A. L. RIDGMAN,
Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone No. 82. Residence phone No. 23. Office over Church's Drug Store on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. F. POMAINVILLE,
Physician and Surgeon.

Telephone at office, No. 35; residence No. 248. Office in rear of Stebb's Drug Store on East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. D. WATERS,
Physician and Surgeon.

Night calls at Dixon House, telephone No. 55. Office over Church's Drug Store, telephone 182, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. CHAS. POMAINVILLE,
Dentist.

Telephone No. 214. Office in Pomainville Block West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. D. A. TELFER,
Dentist.

Office over Wood County National Bank on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. F. D. HUMPHREY,
Physician and Surgeon.

Graduate Homeopathic and Allopathic Schools. Special attention given to women and children and all chronic diseases. Office over Candy Kitchen, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. A. B. CRAWFORD,
Dentist.

High grade service at reasonable fees. Office in Reiland building on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

New Through Sleeping Cars.

Beginning Monday, December 29th, a new line of through sleeping cars will be placed in service between Chicago and "The Soo," via the Chicago & Northwestern and the M. St. P. & S. Ste. M. Rys, leaving Chicago daily, except Sunday, at 8:00 o'clock p. m., Milwaukee 10:15 p. m., via Oshkosh, Green Bay, Menominee and Escanaba, arriving at Marquette about 7:00 a. m. and Ste. St. Marie soon after 10:00 a. m. Dining car service. Sleeping car southbound will leave the Soo at 3:00 p. m. daily, except Sunday, arriving at Chicago 7:30 a. m.

I'll brave the storms of Chikoot Pass, I'll cross the plains of frozen glass, I'll leave my wife and cross the sea, Rather than be without Rocky Mountain Tea.

—Johnson & Hill Co.

SHORT LOCALS

The east side Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will meet with Mrs. F. S. Gill on Wednesday, Jan. 7th.

The Ladies Foreign Missionary society of the M. E. church will meet on Jan. 2nd at the M. E. parsonage.

Harry Sanderson of the Witter House was confined to his room several days with the grip the past week.

Miss Agatha Schneider is visiting friends in Watertown, expecting to be absent from home a couple of months.

Elmer Moberg returned last week from Iowa, where he has been employed the past six months on bridge work.

John Wheeler, accompanied by his cousin, Joe Kousinsky of Wild Rose, drove to Stevens Point and return on Sunday.

Peter Moberg and John Lindahl were down from Glidden the past week to spend the holidays with their families.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Grenfell of Chelsea were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herb Kellogg for several days the past week.

Miss Ada Skeels who is teaching at Daney is spending her vacation with her mother, Mrs. Wm. Skeel, on the west side.

C. W. Scott, who is traveling for the Vaughan Seed company, visited his father and brother in this city over Christmas.

J. V. Berens, cashier of the Wild Rose state bank, passed through the city on Christmas on his way to Stevens Point.

John Nash of Clay City, Ky., arrived in the city last Wednesday evening to visit his relatives here for a week or more.

R. R. DeGroff went to Marshfield on Christmas and spent the remainder of the week among his relatives there.

H. Clairmont, who has been visiting friends at Minneapolis and Duluth for a couple of weeks, returned to this city on Friday.

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Mrs. F. B. de Nevers of Woonsocket, R. I., is in the city the guest of her mother, Mrs. Clarissa Arpin, having arrived on Christmas day.

Rob Nash, who has been attending the university, is home for the Christmas vacation to visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Nash.

Mrs. August Sator and son Raymond of Marshfield spent Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Laramie of the east side.

F. Garrison distributed a load of turkeys among his employees in the paper mill last week. The birds were delivered by Pavlick & Rick.

A. F. Marceau, who has been at Shawano for some time past working on the new paper mill, returned to his home in this city last week.

Frank Jaadack, proprietor of the Thomas House at Marshfield was in the city a short time Tuesday attending to some business matters.

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D. J. and Jos. Z. Arpin left on Saturday for Bruce on business. D. J. Arpin continued on his way to Pigeon River after spending a few days at Bruce.

Miss Mary Wright of Tower City, Iowa, who has been the guest of her brother, E. M. Wright, of the west side for the past month, left for her home on Friday.

Our townsman, Samuel Boles, has been under the doctor's care the past week.

Mrs. Emmons Burr of Stevens Point visited friends here the first of the week.

Abels Huser of Alldorf was a pleasant caller at the Tribune office today.

A baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Nash on Saturday last.

Joe Hollmuller and Godfrey Moberg took in the sights at Wausau on Sunday.

Wilbur Kellner who is attending college at Wausau is home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Havenor spent Christmas with their son Royal at Wausau.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fosgate are spending the holidays with relatives in Plover.

W. H. Cochran has been confined to his home the past two weeks with rheumatism.

Wilbur Menier spent a few days the past week in Merrill with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sanderson spent Christmas at Stevens Point with friends.

A. W. Tuttle the genial clerk at the Dixon spent Christmas with his family at Oxford, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Tupper were in the city on Tuesday, being on their way to Wausau.

Dr. Goedecke and Barney Robus of Vesper were business visitors in the city on Saturday.

Mrs. Bert Law of Babcock was in the city shopping on Monday and visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. John Casberg visited at the home of Chris Hassell at Rudolph on Sunday.

Edgar Kellogg is home from Lawrence University to spend the holidays with his parents.

—Don't neglect to read the ad. of Otto's Pharmacy in this issue. It is worth money to you.

Dan McKercher was down from Merrill to spend Christmas with his relatives in this city.

Chas. Kruger, of the Johnson & Hill Co. has been on the sick list for a few days with the grip.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. K. P. Hiles of Dexterville were in the city visiting friends on Saturday.

John Cepress spent several days the past week in Ashland visiting his brothers and friends.

Lee Love of Merrill was in the city several days last week visiting with his relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Cameron were in the city over Christmas, returning to Milwaukee on Saturday.

Mrs. Barbara Beyer and Miss Schwartz are at Sherry this week visiting among friends.

Hayden Kelley of Plainfield formerly employed by O. Odell, the barber, was in town on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Stingerland entertained a number of friends at lunch on Christmas eve.

Miss Mabel Brooks left on Friday for Armenia to visit her grandmother, Mrs. T. Lewis, for a week.

Miss Roenie Havenor entertained a small party of friends at her home in Sigel on Christmas night.

John Worland of Sigel returned last week from Glidden, where he has been employed for some time.

Miss Emma Dugas, of Menominee, Mich., is a guest at the home of Mrs. C. Arpin during the holidays.

Fred Warner of the Heineman Mercantile Company spent Christmas with his family in Marshfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Duncan and Miss Clara Duncan are spending a few days this week in Chicago.

Charles Boles, the real estate man, returned on Monday from Marshfield, where he had been on business.

Miss May Dumas of Oshkosh is spending the week with her mother, Mrs. J. J. Dumas of the east side.

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Hot chocolate with whipped cream. Cream Bonillon, Tomato Bonillon, Beef Bonillon, Grape Kola (hot) all delicious on a cold day. 5c a cup at Otto's Pharmacy.

Worth S. Bardwell, junior member of the law firm of Corrigan, Johnson & Bardwell of Plainfield, is expected in the city today to spend New Year day among friends.

Adolph Reimer, who was employed at Arthur Sickle's Tonsorial parlors for some time, has opened a shop of his own near Spafford's store, where he will be pleased to meet his friends.

Orson Cochran visited Nekoosa Monday of this week to do piano tuning. He responds promptly to calls from all parts of the county and can be reached by telephone at any time.

Wm. W. Cochran arrived home last week, Wednesday, for his holiday vacation from the school for the blind. He expects to graduate next year from the high school course in that institute.

W. R. Cawrie and Henry Hamilton of the engineering department C. M. & St. P. R.Ry. were in town Saturday, renewing property leases and looking after the local interests of the company.

Mrs. George Fisher of Waukegan is visiting at the home of her son-in-law, L. Zimmerman, over the holidays. She is accompanied by the children of Henry Fisher at whose home she is staying.

Thomas Gibson, land man for the Wisconsin Central railroad company returned to this city on Monday to complete the buying of lands here which he has lately been taking options on.

A large sleigh load of young people from Nekoosa and a number from here surprised Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brostowitz at their home in Sigel on last Thursday evening. They all report a merry time.

Miss Gusta Stolp leaves on Thursday for Detroit, Mich., where she expects to make her future home. She accompanied her uncle, Fred Stolp, who has been here visiting his brother for a couple of weeks.

Wausau Herald—Mrs. H. Martini visited with her daughter, Mrs. Peter Cooney, in Grand Rapids from Saturday until Monday evening. She brought little Dannie Cooney home with her for a two weeks' visit.

Sheriff James McLaughlin has removed to the Nate Anderson residence on the east side in order to make room for his successor in office, who takes charge of affairs on the first Monday in January, being the 5th of the month.

W. H. Fitch of Cranmoor is in the city today to meet the executive committee and make the final arrangements for the annual meeting of the Wis. state cranberry growers association which occurs on the 13th of January.

Mrs. Isabelle McMillan has been confined to her room the greater part of the past week as the result of a fall which she recently sustained. The old lady has reached her 89th year but is ordinarily in good health and quite spry.

George Corrivean came down from Glidden on Wednesday to spend Christmas with his family in this city. The country air seems to agree with George wonderfully and there is already a marked improvement in his appearance since he went north.

Nate Binger, who has charge of the large farm of Rev. Bittner in the town of Seneca, was a pleasant caller at the Tribune office on Saturday. Mr. Binger reports a good yield of crops last summer, and that he has about eighty head of stock to look after.

F. B. Warner, who has been with the Heineman Mercantile Co. during the past year, has tendered his resignation, same to take effect on the first of January. It is understood that Mr. Warner will remain in the city, however, which will be good news to his many friends.

A very pleasant party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Nash on Christmas night, a number of invited guests being present. Dancing and other amusements were indulged in. Those present were Mrs. W. A. Scott of Madison, Mrs. Phillo, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Thomas of Nekoosa, A. E. Gurdy of Port Edwards, F. J. Wood, G. W. Paulus, Leopold Lroll, I. P. Witter; Misses McCutcheon of Thrope, Phillo, Garrison, Kelley, deNevers; Messrs. Garrison of Thrope, Whitney, Rob Nash, Morse and Walter Wood.

It is announced that six dollars a year is the amount of the special tax which is to be charged to dealers dispensing soda water drinks in the connection of which spirituous liquors are used. After January 1, all who sell such beverages as Claret soda and other drinks which contain distilled spirits will be placed under special tax rate of retail liquor dealers. The order, which will effect local dealers, has been issued from the Internal Revenue department and collection of the tax will be made early in the year. This is the first time a tax has been required of soda dealers, although the matter has been up before and two years ago the treasury department ruled against a tax.

Neillsville Times—The burglars captured in Chicago and turned over to Clark county authorities for looting the Greenwood state bank had their preliminary examination late last week before court commissioner R. F. Kuntz, at the circuit court room at the court house. They were ably defended by attorneys, and the examination took about two days. Enough evidence being brought out to warrant it. Commissioner Kuntz bound them over for trial, and \$5,000 bonds each. This they were unable to give, of course, and will be with and abide at the sheriff's custody until some disposition is made of them.

Building Stones 60 Feet Long. The building with the largest stones in the world is not Egypt, but at Baalbek, in Syria. The stones are sixty feet long and twenty feet square.

Dried Potatoes.

"Dried Potatoes" is the name of a new product evolved by the South Carolina agricultural experiment station. The potatoes are boiled, peeled and evaporated in a canner, and will remain in perfect condition for years. The preserved potato becomes fit for eating after being soaked in warm water for an hour. Like many other new ideas this promises to be a big thing and its development may have a great effect on the potato fields of many states.

The Charleston News and Courier, in speaking of the prospects says: "It insures to the farmer the perfect preservation of one of his most prolific and most important general food crops, at the same time fitting it for safe and economical shipment to distant markets heretofore closed to it, and effects these ends by a mode so simple and cheap that it can be employed on any farm. When it is noted that in one case stated in the table an acre of land yielded 357 bushels of raw potatoes which in turn yielded 105 bushels of the dried product, the possibilities of the process in the way of developing the culture of the vegetable in the south and introducing it to the world's commerce and comfort begin to appear in truly vast proportions.—Waukegan Post.

Portage Democrat—W. G. Walling, an actor, who was compelled to give up his position with J. C. Louis "Si Plunkard" company at Baraboo a week ago, died at the Warren house of pneumonia. He was thirty-five years of age and said he had no friends or relatives. He belonged to an Elks lodge in Connecticut and was cared for by the Baraboo lodge.

The Plunkard company arrived in Portage Tuesday morning from Fond du Lac and put on the play at the opera house in the evening.

—A. J. Snell wanted to attend a party, but was afraid to do so on account of pains in his stomach, which he feared would grow worse. He says, "I was telling my troubles to a lady friend, who said: 'Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will put you in condition for the party.' I bought a bottle and take pleasure in stating that two doses cured me and enabled me to have a good time to the party." Mr. Snell is a resident of Summer Hill, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by Johnson Hill & Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

From an Auctioneer.

Col. C. H. McDonald of Greenville, Ill., in a letter May 1st, 1901, says, "I am an auctioneer and being often exposed to the weather, am seriously troubled by my throat becoming irritated and hoarseness following. When troubled in this way, I always use Hart's Honey and Horehound. It is the only remedy that has ever done me any good and it positively cures. Sold by Sam Church druggist.

**YOU HAVE
OUR THANKS**

Our trade during the past year has been a large one, much larger than we expected, so that we are greatly pleased with our success, and we take this occasion to thank our numerous customers who have contributed their share toward this business.

During the coming year of 1903 we shall attempt to continue in your good graces and merit your patronage by continuing to keep one of the best stocks of Groceries, Glassware, Crockery, Flour and Feed to be found in this section, and we hope you will appreciate our efforts in your behalf. We wish you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

NEKOOSA.
The following Grand Rapids people attended the party at Brooks' hall Christmas night: Messrs. Bert and Martin Beyer, Roy Nash and Cleve Akey, and the Misses Celia McCarthy, Florette de Nevers, Rosa Wippeman and Mary and Lizzie Beyer.
Frank Stahl of your city, who represents the Pabst Brewing Co., was in the city on Monday calling on his many customers. He was accompanied by the general agent, Mr. Miller of Stevens Point.
Andrew King, the insurance man, transacted business in the village on Monday. Mr. King expects to start a lodge of the National and Fraternal League in this village in the near future.
The remains of Wilder Washburn, who died of pneumonia, consumption, passed through this city on Saturday en route for Plainfield, where they were interred.
Chas. Kelly and family, who lived near here, departed last week over the Wisconsin Central for Idaho, where they will make their future home.
Louis Koehn returned on Monday from his visit at Kaukauna. He was accompanied by his father, who will accept a position in the pulp mill.
"Doc" Schultz, a former machine tender at the mill, who is now located in Minnesota, was in the city the first of the week visiting his friends.
Andy Oldfield left on Monday for Park Falls, where he has accepted a position in the new paper mill. He was accompanied by his son.
Edmund Kleberg and sister, Miss Esther, of Winchester are spending the holidays at the home of their brother, A. H. Kleberg.
Mr. Zivney of Junction City, who purchased the Marhefka Bros. store, arrived in the city on Monday and is now ready for business.
Fred T. Fredrickson, the able assistant in Mr. Thompson's shoe store, visited his relatives in Necedah over Christmas.
Mrs. O. Odell of Grand Rapids was in the city over Sunday to visit her brother, Amos Hayes, who has been so ill.
Mrs. Cleveland of Port Edwards and daughter, Reta, were the guests of Mrs. Herbert Lapham on Monday.
Miss Carrie Leach has been unable to attend to her duties in the Brazeau Mercantile store on account of illness.
Henry Cox and sister, Miss Maggie, of Menasha are visiting at the home of their sister, Mrs. E. X. Groede.
Will Kellogg of the firm of Kellogg Bros. Lumber company was a business visitor in the village on Monday.
R. M. Williams, our new photographer, was a business visitor in your city on Monday between trains.
Miss Ellen Dorothy of Columbus is a guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. F. S. Brazeau, over the holidays.
Revs. Bittner of Grand Rapids and Baese of Sigel were the guests of Rev. Selie the first of the week.
Miss Pauline Jackson of Sigel is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Steve Muleski for a short time.
A number of ladies have been busy the past few days cleaning the snow from the ice on the river.
Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Kleberg and guests drove to Grand Rapids and return on Saturday.
Merchant P. Huber and family spent Christmas with Mr. Huber's parents at Marshfield.
Miss Margaret Boyle spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Boyle of your city.
Elah Lapham, who is attending school at Madison, is spending his vacation at home.
Amos Hayes, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is now on the road to recovery.
Miss Lizzie Day has resigned her position in the general store of Mrs. J. Guthrie.
Mr. and Mrs. Will Collier spent Christmas with relatives in Grand Rapids.
Laura and George Whaley are the guests of their cousin, Miss Elsie Dupre.
Miss Alma Stadler of Wausau is visiting her friend, Miss Lillian Beppler.
Atty. H. C. Wippeman was in the village on Monday on legal business.
Otto Stewert is spending a week with relatives and friends at Neenah.
Miss Nellie Young is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Simonson, at Tomah.
Frank Arnold of Milwaukee is visiting his mother, Mrs. Frank Arnold.
Miss Kathryn Treat is spending her vacation at her home in Tomah.
Miss Lillian Wakely is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. P. Thompson.
Chas. Reed and wife spent the holidays at Pittsville with relatives.
Elmer Wilson of Saxeville is a guest at the Clinton Leach home.
Mrs. L. Guthrie was on the sick list for several days last week.
The merchants all report a good holiday trade this year.
Mrs. Andrew Kaya is reported very sick at this writing.
John Jackson spent Christmas with his parents in Sigel.
Miss Katherine Galligan is visiting friends in the east.
Mrs. Will Beppler is visiting relatives at Wausau.
Mrs. Otto Koth is on the sick list this week.
A Million Voices.
Could hardly express the thanks of Homer Hall, of West Point, Ia. Listen why: A severe cold had settled on his lungs, causing a most obstinate cough. Several physicians said he had consumption, but could not help him. When all thought he was doomed he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and writes—"it completely cured me and saved my life. I now weigh 227 lbs." It's positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Price 25c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at John E. Daly's drug store.
Building Lots for Sale.
—Forty building lots in first ward from 575 to \$150. Also good 10 room dwelling and lot \$312.
J. E. PHILLIPS.

CRANMOOR.
"No news is good news" may not apply to editors of newspapers. The scribe has been unusually busy these many others this holiday season—because of remissness the last two or three weeks for which we humbly ask pardon. Many things of interest have transpired in this time, among them the week's visit of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Griffith of Sleepy Eye, Minn., at the home of Mrs. Griffith's brother, A. E. Bennett.—The visit of several days at the Thos. Rezin home of their old time neighbor Mrs. Coulthart of Redolph.—The return home of Daniel Rezin, jr., from the Pacific coast.—The early closing of the south school on account of illness in Miss Berard's family.—The coming home from town of the high school boys and Miss Kruger for the holiday vacation.—The shock we received at the news of Mr. Johnson's death. The attendance at the funeral of W. H. Fitch and S. N. Whittlesey and wife. We believe we voice the sentiment of every one on the marshies when we tender deep sympathy to Mrs. Johnson and family of Grand Rapids for their great bereavement.
Christmas day will be remembered by the little people of Cranmoor as it was appropriately observed by services and exercises at the school house under the direction of Miss Dorothy Fitch. A loaded tree and many good gifts were part of the program. Miss Fitch deserves credit for her untiring efforts for this little Sunday school. Father Kroll and Miss Berard came down on the noon train and spent the afternoon with them at the school house.
George Scott spent the early part of Christmas day with the grandchildren at this point and then went up to finish the day at Grand Rapids with his wife and son's family.
C. S. Whittlesey of Grand Rapids and Atty. H. E. Fitch of Nekoosa came down Wednesday night to spend Christmas with their home people.
C. E. Lester returned Tuesday morning from New York where he has been visiting the last five or six weeks.
The Pride of Heroes.
Many soldiers in the last war wrote to say that for scratches, Bruises, Cuts, Wounds, Corns, Sore Feet and Stiff Joints, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best in the world. Same for Burns, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It cures or no pay. Only 25c at John E. Daly's drug store.
RUDOLPH.
Mr. and Mrs. T. Wereshum of Grand Rapids and Mr. and Mrs. Fisher of Byron spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Crutcheon.
Mr. and Mrs. T. LaVague returned Saturday evening from La Crosse where they spent Christmas with their sons.
Mrs. D. McCormick and little daughter, Mabel, of Fond du Lac were the guests of her sister, Mrs. Akey, last week.
Misses Anna Daly and Louise Later and Alex Jakowski of Grand Rapids spent Sunday at the Slattery home.
Mr. and Mrs. O. Somers, nee Nellie Akey, of Merrill are spending the holidays with relatives and friends.
Mrs. Nick Ratelle was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, during the holidays.
Mrs. Abbie Akey of Merrill is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gokey, this week.
Mr. and Mrs. Dano of Mather were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Logan over Christmas.
Henry Behmer returned Saturday night from Brillon, where he spent Christmas.
Henry Wakely and Louis LeBrecht spent Sunday the guests of the Morgan family.
Jack Keyzer made a trip to Merrill Saturday evening and returned Sunday night.
O. Roosen had his Christmas dinner with his sister and father in Tomah.
To cure a cold in One Day.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.
SHERRY.
The Sherry Christian Endeavor society at their regular meeting Sunday evening elected the following officers for the ensuing six months: President, Grif. H. Humphrey; vice president, Jennie Whitney; secretary, Ethel Putney; treasurer, Mrs. G. H. Humphrey; organist, Hugh C. Jones.
The Sherry Presbyterian Sunday school elected the following officers last Sunday: Superintendent, Mrs. G. H. Humphrey; assistant, Wm. L. Chambers; secretary, Jennie Whitney; treasurer, Ethel Putney.
Rev. L. C. Smith of Waukesha, synodical home missionary, delivered very eloquent discourses here Sunday morning and evening.
The Christmas tree entertainment given by the Sunday school proved quite successful and the children were made glad.
Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Humphrey are spending their holidays at Ixonia, their former home.
Tax paying time is at hand and Treasurer Leroux will do the collecting as usual.
Ye scribe wishes to all readers of the Tribune a happy and prosperous new year.
John Lovensberry and wife are visiting relatives at Pipersville during the holidays.
Mrs. Barbara Beyer of Grand Rapids spent Monday visiting relatives here.
John B. White of Marshfield transacted business in his line here lately.
A Card.
We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.
J. E. DALY.
JOHNSON & HILL CO.

YESPER.
Miss Mary H. Ladick and Walter Trentel of Yesper were married at Grand Rapids on Monday Dec. 22nd. The wedding party returning on the 2 P. M. train were driven to the home of the bride's parents where a sumptuous wedding dinner awaited them. The wedding was attended by a large number of invited guests who presented Mr. and Mrs. Trentel with a large number of beautiful and useful presents. The guests from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. Will Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Noborg, John Wousuw, and Miss Mary Kries. The ball room was opened and "Vauetto's Orchestra" played the grand march led by H. O. Cole and Miss Anna Ladick they being bride's groom and bride's maid. The bride was born in this vicinity and is well and favorably known. Mr. Trentel came here two years ago from Waukesha and was employed in the Mercantile business, being one of the firm of Trentel Bros.
Should all the signs prove true the wedding bells will be chiming again in Yesper. There are sweetly chiming church bells ringing out in wide alarm, but the bells we love in Yesper are the wedding bells on the farm.
M. W. A. and R. N. A. camps will hold a joint installation of officers on Saturday January 3rd, and after the ceremony an oyster supper will be served to the woodmen and their ladies.
Miss Beamie O'Brien who is attending the high school in Grand Rapids spent Xmas vacation with her sister, Mrs. P. J. Flanagan.
John Randel left for Ripon to spend New Years with friends and relatives.
Mrs. Fredricks brother from Sheboygan Falls is spending the holidays here.
Mrs. Iehl of Alma Center visited with friends in Yesper last week.
Learner Hessler spent Xmas in Grand Rapids.
Mr. and Mrs. Merrill returned from Racine on Tuesday.
A New Remedy.
The old friends of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will be pleased to know that the manufacturers of that preparation have gotten out a new remedy called Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and that it is meeting with success in the treatment of constipation, biliousness, sick headache, impaired digestion and like disorders. These Tablets are easier to take and pleasant in effect than pills, then they not only move the bowels, but improve the appetite and correct any disorders of the stomach and liver. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.
BRIEF STATE NEWS.
State Superintendent L. D. Harvey's biennial report shows that there are now in the state 754,699 children between the ages of 7 and 20, which is an increase of 20,699 over 1899 and 1900, and the increase in the number between the ages of 7 and 14 who attend school for twelve weeks or more is 14,664, the total now being 285,764. The average wages of male teachers has increased from \$45.75 in 1895 to \$50.93 in 1902. The average in 1901 was \$47.99. Female teachers now receive an average wage of \$33.10, as compared with \$28.20 in 1895 and \$32.67 in 1901.
A dispatch from Marshfield says that Joseph Pankratz, a farmer aged 50 years, was struck by the Yale special near that place, on Thursday, and instantly killed. His body was thrown several hundred feet and as the train did not stop the probabilities are that the engineer did not know of the accident. The train consisted of two Pullmans, a day coach and a baggage car. It had on board the Yale glee and mandolin clubs and basketball team, en route for Minneapolis.
Mayor David Hammel of Appleton has received a letter from Congressman E. S. Minor stating that he has succeeded in securing two field pieces for Appleton, which, it is understood, will be placed in front of the public library building. The old soldiers and the city have been interesting themselves in the matter for the past year. They agreed to bear the expense of getting them there providing the government would furnish them.
—The following testimonial was received from Mr. John W. Young, an old soldier and highly respected citizen of Lincoln, Ill., who says, "I had a severe cough and cold and I decided to get some kind of medicine. I purchased a bottle of Harts' Honey and Florebound, and am pleased to say I am now well. I advise anyone suffering from throat or lung affection to use this highly valuable remedy. I cannot recommend it too highly." Sold by Sam Church, druggist.
BABCOCK.
Little Leo Kennedy is very sick with appendicitis. Dr. Ridgman of Grand Rapids, Dr. Simonson of Tomah and Dr. Morse of this village are the attending physicians.
Mrs. Henry Card returned from Beloit on Tuesday and will make an extended visit with her parents.
Amos Griffith spent Sunday in Tomah, the guest of his friend, James O'Leary, jr.
Mrs. M. L. Ward has been confined to her home for the past week with a bad cold.
Miss Cora Deal of Necedah is the guest of Mrs. Bert Law for the holidays.
Mrs. Bert Law was in Grand Rapids on Monday, doing some shopping.
Geo. W. Lyons was a business caller in Grand Rapids on Tuesday.
Amos Griffith is confined to his home with a lame limb.
Miss Mary Ellis is confined to her home with pneumonia.
Miss Irene Styles is visiting relatives in your city.
—It excites the wonder of the world, a magic remedy, liquid electricity, that drives away suffering and disease. Rocky Mountain Tea. J. E. Johnson & Hill Co.

BIRON.
Mat Carey of Johnson & Hill Co. distributed calendars here on Monday. They were works of art and those who received one were duly thankful and those who did not were not.
A very pleasant family gathering was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Horton on Christmas day in honor of their daughter, Mrs. J. J. Gokey of Dawson, N. D.
The Misses Bonnilyn and Delmos Biron of Stevens Point spent Christmas week here, the guests of Miss Ella Weisenberg and other friends.
A baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Sweeney, jr., on Tuesday morning.
Miss Mabel Horton came down from Stevens Point and spent Christmas with relatives.
Elmer Thornton returned home Saturday evening from a week's visit in the Rapids.
Miss Hannah Dankert has resigned her position in the paper mill.
KELLNER.
Mrs. L. Panter, Walter Buss, and a little daughter of George Lincicum are on the sick list this week. Dr. Pomainville is attending them.
The family who bought Wm. Joswick's farm arrived Saturday with a car of furniture and implements and have moved on the farm.
A party consisting of Albert and Haniel Tamm, Wm. Hannaman and wife and Mrs. Morika left Wednesday for a visit in Milwaukee.
A merry party spent Christmas night at Ernest Knipple's. Dancing and various games kept everyone till late. A fine time was reported.
H. R. Nelson and wife returned Friday and have started housekeeping in part of W. Nedderson's house. We wish them a happy future.
In spite of the cold weather Xmas night a large crowd attended the dance and all enjoyed themselves till early in the morning.
C. G. Hanson is spending a few days in your city with his family. Frankie Buss is dispensing drinkables during his absence.
Frank Gage of Packwaukee is spending the holidays with his brother, J. M. Gage.
Ole Peterson went north Sunday to secure employment in the woods.
Wm. Luege and Frank Pribbanow spent Christmas at home.
Henry Wakely was a business visitor here Monday.

WANT COLUMN.
ADVERTISEMENTS will be published in this column at the rate of 10 cents per line. No ad taken for less than 10 cents. If you want to buy, sell or trade, today, try the want column.
MONEY TO LOAN—C. E. Bales.
FOR RENT.—Eight room house on east side. Inquire of Charles S. Whittlesey.
WANTED.—A first class dressmaker as partner in making and dressmaking shop in a growing town. Some but first class need apply. Good chance for right party. Address, Mrs. A. Bradley, Box 119, Randolph, Wis.
WANTED.—A housekeeper, good cook, family of five. Address Box 25 Alton, Wis.
First Publication 12-31-03.
Notice of Application.
Wood County Court.—In Probate.
STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss.
COUNTY OF WOOD.
In the matter of the Estate of Mary Hutton, deceased.
On this 24th day of December, A. D. 1902, upon reading and filing the petition of George Hutton stating that Mary Hutton, of the county of Wood, died intestate, on or about the 14th day of December, 1902, and praying that George Hutton or some other suitable person be appointed administrator of the estate of said deceased.
It is Ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in the court house in the city of Grand Rapids, said Wood County, on the 31 day of February, A. D. 1903, at 2 o'clock p. m., the same being a regular term.
And it is Further Ordered, That notice of the time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing.
By the Court, W. J. GOSWAY, County Judge.
First Publication 12-31-03.
Notice of Application.
Wood County Court.
STATE OF WISCONSIN, ss.
COUNTY OF WOOD.
In the matter of the Estate of Nels Johnson, deceased.
On this 24th day of December, A. D. 1902, upon reading and filing the petition of Nels Johnson stating that Nels Johnson, of the county of Wood, died intestate, on or about the 17th day of December, 1902, and praying that the petitioner be appointed administratrix of the estate of said deceased.
It is Ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in the city of Grand Rapids, on the 24th day of January, A. D. 1903, at ten o'clock a. m.
And it is further Ordered, That notice of the time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested, by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing.
By the Court, W. J. GOSWAY, County Judge.
—John Dengler's Capital for 5 cents is a gentleman's smoke.

The Latest Styles
In everything in the picture line can always be found at my studio. None but the best materials enter into my work and I make it a point to turn out the

The Best Finished Work
that it is possible to make. Call and see my samples and judge for yourself.

Mortrud,
East Side Photographer.

PURE CANDIES
The nicest assortment of home made candies in this section can always be found at the CANDY KITCHEN.

ICE CREAM
of all kinds furnished order, for parties, ceptions or club meetin Give me a call.

CANDY KITCHEN
GEO. AKINS, PROP.

Special Sale!

Friday Jan., 2 1903,
—AT—
Heineman Merc. Co's Store.

Talk about bargains, that is no name for them. It is simply giving things away, (almost.) You will agree with us when we see the goods and get the prices on them. It is like this, we find we have an over stock of Ladies' Eiderdown and Flaunette dressing sacques and must close them out regardless of cost. You couldn't buy the material alone, say nothing about the cost of making, for anywhere near the prices we quote on them. We have divided them into three lots as follows:

First Lot.
\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, your choice in this lot for.....\$1.00

Second Lot.
Up to \$1.00, your choice in this lot for.....50c

Third Lot.
Up to 60c, your choice in this lot for.....37c

Come early in the day to avoid the rush and confusion.

Respectfully Yours,

THE HEINEMAN MERC., CO.

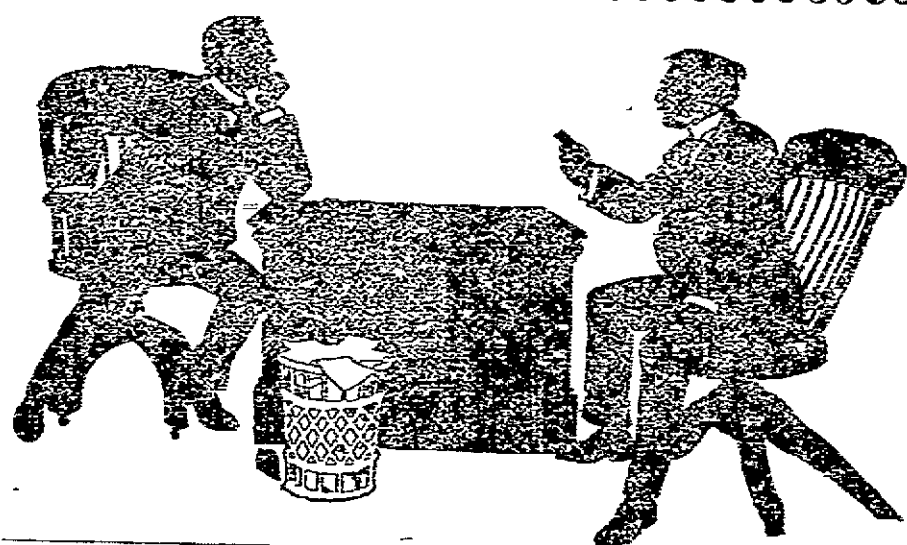
I. BARUCH, Res. Mgr. .. East Grand Rapids, Wis.

To Cure a Cold in One Day Cures Grip in Two Days.
Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. **E. W. Grove** on every box. 25c.
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signature, **E. W. Grove**

CALUMET Baking Powder

Not made by the trust. Food prepared with Calumet Baking Powder is pure and healthful and is free from Rochelle salts, lime, alum and ammonia.

Trust Baking Powders sell for 55 or 50 cents per pound and may be identified by this exorbitant price. They are a menace to public health, as food prepared from them contains large quantities of Rochelle salts, a dangerous cathartic drug.



Let us give you a pointer

On Lumber and Building Material. If you are figuring on doing any building it will pay you to use the best material. Good lumber doesn't cost so very much more than the poor kind, but lasts much longer and saves you frequent repair bills. You will certainly miss it if you do not take the trouble to look at our stock and get our prices.

Kellogg Bros. Lumber Co.

YARDS AT

Grand Rapids. Nekoosa. W. Grand Rapids.

NEW LINE OF SUITINGS

JUST ARRIVED!

It won't cost you a cent to look at them and you may find what you want.

EDW. KOSTKA,

TAILOR.

M. J. Slattery's Old Stand. East Side, Grand Rapids.

The HOT BLAST Stove

Is one of the greatest fuel savers on earth.

It will burn anything from cornstalks to hard coal.

Makes more heat than any other stove on the market. Come and see the way they work. Two of them in constant use at

D. M. HUNTINGTON'S,

East Side Near City Hall.

WORK WILL GO ON.

NO HITCH IN THE PLANS OF THE WATER POWER CO.

F. MacKinnon Elected as President to Fill Vacancy Caused by Death of Mr. Johnson.—Dam, Paper Mill and Grist Mill to be Built the Coming Season.

A meeting of the officers and stockholders of the Consolidated Water Power and Paper company was held on Monday and F. MacKinnon was elected to the office of president of the company to take the place of the deceased president of the corporation, Nels Johnson. Although the death of Mr. Johnson was a blow to the members of the company it will not interfere with the plans of the corporation in making the improvements they had decided upon in this city.

These improvements consist in the building of a dam, paper mill and, incidentally thereto, a new grist mill for the Grand Rapids Milling company.

The dam will be built above the Green Bay bridge and will necessarily be a long one, some 1,700 feet in length. The water will be led from this point in a sluice to the site of the mill, which will be located on the lower island about opposite L. M. Nash's residence.

The mill will be erected of brick and steel and have a capacity of about forty tons of print paper per day, two machines to be installed, the size of which, although not definitely settled at this time, will probably be 113 inches each, with the exception of the large machine at the Nekoosa mill will be the largest in this section of the country.

The projectors figure that they will have a horsepower of 5,000, of which amount the mill will use probably only about 3,200. There will be a surplus of power, and after all of this that is possible has been rented to consumers of electric power, the remainder will be used in grinding extra pulp to be sold. As the power is taken up by outside consumers this extra work will probably be discontinued.

Among the power to be supplied outside of the mill will probably be that for the local electric and power plant, which amounts to about 500 horsepower, the Grand Rapids Foundry company and the Grand Rapids Milling company.

Contracts have already been made with the mill company and the foundry company, but as yet none has been entered into with the Electric and Water company.

Among the changes that will be made by the new order of things is the moving of the site of the Grand Rapids Milling company. The site for the new mill has not yet been selected, although several are under consideration. The new mill will be a brick affair and thoroughly up to date in every respect and operated by electric motors. It is possible that it may be located some distance from the present site.

The plans for the dam and paper mill are rapidly nearing completion, being in the hands of C. J. Jacobson of this city, a paper mill architect who has had years of experience in this class of work and whose ability is well known.

The making of the improvements contemplated the coming season will necessarily make a great increase in the business of Grand Rapids, and there is no reason why our beautiful little city should not forge rapidly ahead both in prosperity and population and eventually occupy the place in the business world that she is entitled to from her natural advantages.

The company has already begun the purchase of material for the coming work and it is expected that the actual work of construction will commence as soon as the weather will admit of it in the spring, before which time a large amount of the necessary material will be delivered on the ground.

The site for the office of the paper company has been selected and it will be situated on the corner just across from the residence of F. Garrison, unless unforeseen changes occur that are not now thought of.

Foxy Boy Collapses.

The theatrical company playing a "Foxy Boy" which appeared here several weeks ago, went to pieces at Iowa Falls, Iowa on Christmas and five members were stranded there. The manager and the balance of the company skipped, leaving the stranded members with considerable back pay due, and without means of reaching home or friends. This company has been playing the middle west this season, and has done fairly good business up to three weeks ago, when it is said the "ghost" failed in his periodical perambulations. The company, viewed in some lights, ought to have been successful, as they put forth the most strenuous efforts to be "funny" ever witnessed on the local stage but their work didn't take.

Seeks Data for Local History

The passenger department of the Northwestern line is preparing data for use in its summer tourist literature next season. It is desired to make this data complete as to historical and legendary matter, as well as regards the various features that make this section attractive to summer visitors. Anyone who can assist in this by supplying any such data to the editor or to J. C. Willard, the Northwestern ticket agent, is invited to make that fact known promptly.

—Smoke the Winneschek cigar. The best ten cent smoke on earth.

SAVED SOME MONEY.

One Time When the Balance Was Not on the Wrong Side.

When the laying of the sewer pipe was finished about the city it was found that the east side system had cost only about \$7,500, and that the west side work had footed up in the neighborhood of \$4,300.

While some people have been indulging in kiacs over their sewer tax this year, they may console themselves with the thought that they were saved a lot of money by the action of the city officers in having the work done by the city instead of letting it out on contract as was the intention at first.

When bids were called for on the east side sewer system the lowest one was for \$10,300 for the work alone, with a statement that the pipe would cost in addition to this amount something like \$3,000. Engineer Philcox then went to work and figured on the work and estimated that it would cost about \$7,000, and taking his estimate as being about right the city officials decided to do the work and manage it themselves, and the outcome of the affair shows that they did very well to do so, as a saving of some \$6,000 was effected. So much for having an engineer in the employ of the city who not only knows what he is doing, but does it.

Real Estate Transfers.

The following real estate transfers have been recorded in the office of the register of deeds during the past week:

Nellie Hoffman and J. Hoffman to E. P. Arpin and J. B. Arpin. The $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ and the $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ in the town of Arpin; consideration, \$534.80.

Mentir Gordon and wife to Mrs. Margaret Skeels. Lot 3, block 2, Naylor's addition to the city of Centuria; consideration, \$1,500.

E. P. Arpin to F. J. Wood. The $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ and the $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 18, town of Port Edwards; consideration, \$800.

F. J. Wood to the Arpin Cranberry company. The $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 8, town of Port Edwards; consideration, \$200.

Kirke E. Johnson to Frank Schuchman. The $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 11 of the town of Sherry; consideration, \$315.

Thomas Nelson and wife to Peter K. Peterson. The fractional $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 4, town of Milladore; consideration, \$2,800.

R. W. Rogerson to Alice M. Brost. $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 35, and the $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 36, town of Remington; consideration, \$1,200.

J. G. Daniels to J. E. Ingraham. 400 acres in the town of Remington; consideration, \$1,000.

Perry Hays to John E. Brewer. Strip of land in the town of Rock near the village of Lindsey; consideration, \$2,300.

Annie E. Thiel, et al. to John E. Brewer. 55 feet of lot 4 and lots 1 and 2, block 2, in the village of Lindsey; consideration, \$50.

Edward A. Benson, et al. to Majk Pyrch and wife. $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 7, town of Sigel; consideration, \$400.

Adeline St. Amour to Nellie Hanna. Lot in Centuria; consideration, \$1 and support as provided in deed.

Charles E. Daly to Michael McDonald. $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 2 in the town of Saratoga; consideration, \$116.

Maria Poppy to Frank Fiegel. The $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 26, and the $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 27, town of Lincoln; consideration, \$2,000.

Kirke E. Johnson to Mrs. Ernestine Taylor. The $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 11, town of Sherry; consideration, \$1,300.

Jas. M. Sherwood to Henry W. Carter. $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 24, also $\frac{1}{2}$ of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 32, town of Saratoga; consideration, \$2,200.

N. J. Farrell to Matthew Farrell. Part of the $\frac{1}{4}$ of section 17, town of Grand Rapids; consideration, \$1.

Julia L. Brown to the Wisconsin Central Land company. Lots 7 and 8, block 1, city of Centuria; consideration, \$2,200.

H. A. Sampson to J. E. Ingraham. Several tracts in the town of Remington; consideration, \$4,300.

Emily C. Witter and I. P. Witter to J. E. Ingraham. Several tracts in the town of Remington, 200 acres; consideration, \$1,200.

Clement-Pratt.

A quiet wedding occurred on Tuesday at the home of M. S. Pratt on Oak street, the contracting parties being Dr. Floyd Wayne Clement of Detroit and Miss Maria Genevieve Pratt.

The ceremony occurred at 10 o'clock Tuesday morning and was performed by Rev. Leopold Kroll, pastor of the Episcopal church. The newly wedded pair left the same day for Chicago and will later go to Detroit where they will make their future home.

Only the immediate friends of the family were present at the ceremony, those from out of town being Mrs. Henry Kern and daughter Florence of Stevens Point and Miss Lou Woodworth of Pittsville.

Miss Pratt has many friends in this city who wish her a happy future and the Tribune unites with them in extending congratulations.

Music Lessons.

—Miss Helen Gilkey, teacher and soloist on the piano, organ, mandolin and guitar, will give 20 lessons (45 minutes) for \$10. At Mrs. J. W. Cochran's, west side.

—Great tonic, braces body and brain, drives away all impurities from your system. Makes you well. Keeps you well. Rocky Mountain Tea. 35c. Johnson & Hill Co.

WILL ENFORCE LAW

NO MORE BREAKING OF THE CITY ORDINANCES.

Saloons Will Hereafter Close at Twelve O'clock, Midnight, as Provided in the Ordinance and all Gambling Will Be Stopped.—Brief News Items About the City and Vicinity.

Mayor Wheelan has sent forth the edict that hereafter all saloons and drinking places within the confines of the city of Grand Rapids shall be closed at midnight as provided by the ordinance which has been on the statute book for some years. The cause of this action is the fact that many of the drinking places have been in the habit of staying open nearly all night which is considered a bad thing for the community.

All gambling of any sort will also be stopped, the prevalence of this evil making it apparent that money was being lost by persons who could ill afford to do so, and no community gains anything by the existence of these institutions.

Drinking Spring Water.—Although they may not have discovered the fact, the west side have been drinking spring water for some days past and most of them seem to get a long just as well as when they swore by the old Wisconsin. Some of the west side put up a strenuous kick when it was first said that the new waterworks would use spring water, and told all kinds of stories as to how the alleged spring water was the drainings of a cow pasture, etc. and predicted all kinds of disaster as the result of change. Of course it is all right to stick to an old friend, and the Wisconsin River water is a great deal better than no water at all, but these same objectors will find that after the spring water has been pumped into the standpipe and stood in the pipes for a time it will have picked up enough sediment and impurities so that they will hardly be able to tell the difference. In fact very few knew when the change was made, it was done so gradually.

Will Visit Grand Rapids.—The Milwaukee Merchants' and Manufacturers' association will visit Grand Rapids again this year during the month of June. It is said that the coming trip will be one more of business than of pleasure, as last year's trip turned out to be, and speakers of ability will be carried to address the people on different subjects in an intelligent manner. This will be another chance for Grand Rapids to get on her glad rags and do herself proud.

An Exciting Runaway.—On Saturday afternoon while Mr. and Mrs. I. P. Witter were driving down French street their horse took fright and becoming unmanageable for a few minutes it led the occupants of the cutter a merry chase, dashing from one side of the road to the other, and striking several obstructions. The cutter remained right side up, however, and Mr. Witter got his horse under control before anything serious happened.

Increase in Wages.—The Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul railroad company has increased the wage scale of its engineers and firemen 10 per cent. Under the new scale the wages of engineers will be from \$3.80 to \$4.40 for each run of 100 miles, and the firemen will receive from \$2.50 to \$2.85 for the same distance. The announcement was welcome Christmas news for the employees.

Got Twenty Days.—Four tramps that had been doing some petty thieving about the stores in this city, were taken before Justice Crotteau on Friday and given twenty days in the county jail. They had been in Johnson & Hill company's on the west side and in Joseph Cohen's place and one of them was caught in the act of secreting some socks in the latter store.

Eastern Stars Install.—The installation of the new officers of the Eastern Star lodge occurred at the Masonic hall on Saturday evening. There was a large attendance and a very pleasant evening was spent. Mrs. Emmons Burroff Stevens Point acted in the capacity of installing officers and her work was highly praised by members of the order.

Fifty-Three Publications.—This year the Tribune will be published fifty-three times instead of fifty-two, as is usual with most well regulated weeklies. This is brought about by the fact that the day of publication was changed during the year from Friday to Wednesday, thus working in an extra week during the year.

Good Christmas Trade.—Most of the merchants about the city report a good Christmas trade, and although many had put in larger stocks than the trade warranted, they still feel well satisfied with the result. The buying started rather late this year but it was fast and furious while it lasted.

Musical Service.—The regular monthly musical service at the Congregational church on Sunday evening was well attended and highly appreciated by those present. These monthly services are becoming very popular among the music lovers of the city.

Had a Dance.—A number of young folks and some older ones gathered at Pomainville's hall on on Friday night and indulged in a social hop to the music of the Big Four orchestra. It goes without saying that they had a good time.

Forester Dance.—The Foresters gave a ball at their hall over Spafford's store on Tuesday evening at which there was a good attendance and a most enjoyable time. The Big Four furnished the music for the occasion.

Marriage Licenses.—The following marriage licenses were issued by County Clerk Renne during the past week: Daniel Boyles and Susan Wilson, both of Saratoga; Ole Warner and Lydia Mundt, both of Auburndale.

May Give Minstrels.—Some of our local entertainers are considering the feasibility of getting up a minstrel show to take to Wautoma and open a new opera house that is in course of construction there.

Two Young Criminals.

Wausau Pilot: Ed Pariseau, one of the boys who broke into the house of Conrad Konash at Brokaw about two weeks ago stealing a sum of money and some clothing was arrested at his home in Grand Rapids Thursday and brought to Wausau. He was up before Judge Miller next day but his examination was postponed until Dec. 29, his bail being fixed at \$200 which he is confident he can secure. His partner in the deal was a boy named Hally Young. Pariseau is about twenty years of age while Young is about seventeen. Both have been inmates of the industrial school and are out on parole. Some time ago they went to Brokaw, where Pariseau has relatives living, and the boys secured work in the paper mills, working for a short while, when they were discharged. After the robbery they went to Woodruff and then back to Grand Rapids by a round about way. The police of Grand Rapids arrested Pariseau but could not find Young.

While the punishment to be given these young burglars will not be as severe as it would be if they were older, yet the fact that they have been inmates of the industrial school stands against them.

Unclaimed Letters.

West Side. List of letters unclaimed in the west side post-office, for the week ending Dec. 30, 1902.

Blanton, Daisy	Brush, Anton
Mear, Fred	Jaak, Gustav
Quine, Lillian	Quine, Lillian

Persons calling for the above named letters will please say "advertised."

East Side. Following is the list of unclaimed letters in the east side post-office, for the week ending Dec. 30, 1902:

Granger, H. A.	Potter, J. D.
Goldsmith, Ed	Series, H.
Hanson, L.	Wilborn, Henry
Harnat, Andy	Wornton, Frederick
Hanneman, Fred	Bremner, Anna
Johnson, Aug	Brownson, Bertha
Johnson, James	Brown, Mary
Jones, L. M.	Clark, Anna
Krohn, Aug	Cross, Cels
McIntire, Henry	Nelson, Belle
Matthews, John	Seals, Mrs. S.
Mast, Geo	Thompson, Bessie
McIntire, C. A.	Voght, Caroline J. F.
Freiborn, Aug	Voght, Caroline

Persons calling for the above please say "advertised."

A. L. FONTAINE, Postmaster.

Stevens Point Gazette: H. M. Stanley, of Rockford Ill., a representative of the Hixon Map Company, of that place, arrived here last week and commenced work getting data and other facts for the new county map of Portage county that that firm will make, and who have a reputation for first-class, perfect work.

TWO BITS

will send the old folks at home this paper for a round

TWO MONTHS

WATCH REPAIRING.

Take your sick watches and clocks to W. G. Scott and he will make them well. All kinds of repairing and engraving done in a first-class manner. You will also find an elegant stock of jewelry, silverware and cut glass to select from at his place. Prices are right.

W. G. SCOTT

The West Side Jeweler

WHEN BOYS WERE MEN

By John Habberton,
Author of "Helen's Babies," "George Washington," Etc.

Copyright, 1901, by John Habberton.

"I was promised to be sarjint meself. Didn't I recruit sixteen men?"

"So you did, McTwyry," said the captain, looking at the ruffian a moment before he spoke. "Well, you shall be the remaining sergeant. Frost, first corporal; Brainard, second corporal."

The captain continued through the list of corporals, and my heart sunk. 'Twas better to be corporal than private, but to have had my expected honor snatched from me by some one else, and that somebody Mick McTwyry—to have Mick for my official superior! Oh, it put my spirits to flight, and some of my patriotism tried to go with them.

"Sergeant McTwyry to his post!" shouted the captain.

Down beside me came Mick McTwyry. Oh, if he had but been there when I first arrived and his leg instead of the other sergeant's had been broken by my horse! Still he was there now, and so was my horse. I could hope.

From the parade ground, where the colonel and adjutant sat mounted, a bugle blew the "assembly," the signal for forming line.

"Attention!" the captain roared. "Sergeant Clorne, front! You will command the third platoon. From the right count fours."

"One, two, three, four; one, two, three, four," ran down the line in rapid succession.

"Forward!" blew the colonel's bugler. "Fours right, march!" shouted the captain. "To the left, march!"

We obeyed orders as well as we could according to the tactics in which we had been drilled on foot. Between the tops of the tents we could see the other companies filing out of their respective streets and forming column in the road in front of camp. There was some trouble and a great deal of profanity, which began to seem an army necessity, as different captains endeavored to take place in column according to seniority and were hindered by other captains whose lines of march crossed their own. Some of the men in the newer companies got dreadfully mixed up and made a lot of trouble before they were set to rights, for they were not accustomed to horses, much less to riding. Finally, however, the whole force was in columns of fours in the road, and when the adjutant, learning this by galloping down the flanks, signaled the colonel, the latter had his bugler once more sound "Forward!"

"Forward!" repeated the bugle of each of the 12 companies.

"Forward!" shouted each captain.

With a confused trample of horses' hoofs, clank of sabers, rattle of carbines, jingle of spurs, a jumble of "Whoa!" "Git up!" "G'long!" and "Durn ye!" from the recruits and in a great halo of dust the regiment was off.

And yet—a regiment two-thirds of whose men had never seen their horses until that morning and half of whose recruits had never before been on horseback, who had to have their pistols loaded for them and who had never been drilled together nor taught even the simplest company movements on horseback!

Well, 'twas the way with hundreds of other regiments during the earlier years of the war, and 'twas nobody's fault apparently. As a nation we could bring men together faster than we could arm and drill them. Fortunately for us, our neighbors at the south were having the same ill luck.

CHAPTER VII. IN THE ENEMY'S COUNTRY.

WE rode into and through the town, out by the road on which we used to do picket duty as infantry, across the bridge which we had laid and relaid so many times, far out to where we used to see the cavalry outpost's picket. We rode past the picket also. He was in the same place, as if he had been there ever since the Ninety-eighth went away. After that we began to eye each tree and fence for rebels, for were we not in the enemy's country?

Except for this feature of the ground we might as well have been anywhere else in Virginia for anything that was of interest. The fields of yellow corn stalks looked so much alike that one might easily have been taken for another, and the bits of woodland between were as like as two fragments of a single forest. The negro cabins were all of logs, the farmhouses of wood, painted white, and there were not many of either. The road, like all other roads in the south and everywhere else in farming countries in the United States, was just about wide enough for two wagons to pass each other, so it allowed us to ride only four abreast.

Sometimes the road bent and suggested that there might be a change of view beyond, but there wasn't. There was absolutely no change of scenery that we could remember for the first 12 miles of our ride that day, so we really felt some pleasurable excitement when we halted at a railroad crossing and saw near by a station building, a freight depot, a tankhouse, a blacksmith shop and a store building, though our captain told us that all had been unoccupied for months.

We fed our horses with oats which we had taken with us on our saddle-bags, with instructions as to just how much to give at a meal, and dined on hard tack from our haversacks and wa-

ter from a brook. The long ride had given me such an appetite that I was sorry that I had not brought at least part of my ration of pork. It might pass for butter when a man was very hungry. I was somewhat comforted, however, to note that my horse, which was tied next to Mick McTwyry's at the long rail fence beside the road, had frightened Mick's horse and eaten that animal's oats before tasting its own.

Brainard and I met at lunch, and I had just asked him how he liked being a trooper, and he had expressed the hope that the Confederacy might feel as shaly on its legs as he, when we heard a shot or two in the advance. A sensation passed down the line, and we all started on foot to see what was the matter, but the captain ordered:

"To horse! Mount! Remember your fours! Forward!"

Looking out the road, we could see by the dust cloud that the other companies were in the saddle and moving forward. We rode about five minutes, bearing from time to time a few shots, but no bullets. Suddenly, however, across a field of wheat stubble came one of our men on horseback, making a great noise as he appeared to be trying to check his horse's gallop.

"A cavalryman ought to be able to manage his horse without so much fuss," said I, with some pride, for I had been taught to manage horses by the rein alone.

"The poor fellow is hurt," said the lieutenant who commanded our platoon. "Seems to be his thigh. I guess his horse is hit too."

Down went my heart into my boots or up into my throat, I couldn't determine which. If this was war, I wanted it to stop at once. Just to imagine myself coming wounded and screaming across a field like that poor fellow made me feel deadly sick. I strained

my eyes in the direction from which the wounded man had come, but saw nobody else. Meanwhile the surgeon had gone out to meet the man, who now was quite near us, and called to some one to take down part of the fence so the horse could reach the road. By the time the poor fellow reached the roadside he was very pale and leaning low on his horse, and we could see a broad red stain along the leg of his light blue trousers. He was helped to the ground, and the surgeon quickly cut away his clothing and examined the wound, while we moved on. My heart still being elsewhere than in its proper place.

On, on we rode, and the farther we went the more I wished we were going in the opposite direction. I am ashamed even now to remember how many different kinds of coward I was that day, but I was giving my entire mind to the subject, and in such circumstances a man can accomplish a great deal. Fortunately it was impossible to keep up the strain a long time, so within an hour or two I was cool enough for anything. I was too exhausted to be anything else.

When I regained my senses sufficiently to think of something besides myself, I was astonished at the coolness or carelessness of our lieutenant. He had once been a private soldier in one of the older companies, which were at the head of the column, but he did not ride ahead to ask questions, nor did he even dismount to speak to the wounded man, though he must have known him. In the middle of the afternoon we passed a member of one of the old companies going to the rear for something, and our lieutenant asked:

"What is it?"

"'Nothin' much," said the man. "Their pickets was layin' for us."

"Nothing else?"

"No, except Big Brown's boss was killed. He got one of theirs, though, that's all."

"Nothing much?" "That's all!" If a poor fellow, shrieking with agony over a broken thigh, which was being hurt still more at every step of his horse, was "nothing much," what would be regarded as something? If the "pickets layin' for us" could inflict so much misery, what would be the result of a full battle? Again I wanted to go home.

But no battle occurred that day, and we dismounted before dark and prepared to bivouac in the woods for the night, a stream crossing the road supplying ample water for men and horses. Brainard and I wanted to go right up to the front and learn all about the fight with the pickets, but the captain told us not to stray far from our horses. Some of the men began to ask when and where were the cook and the evening coffee, and when they learned that the cook had not come and that he should have dealt out ground coffee with the other rations, so that each man could make some for himself, there was a terrible hubbub, which reached the captain's ears and made him say

dreadful things about the cook. "But none of the fuss yielded a bit of coffee."

I was fortunate in never having contracted the coffee drinking habit, but what I lacked in thirst I made up in hunger. I already had eaten a full day's ration of hard tack, but it seemed only a mouthful. I consulted Hamilton, who had been named commissary sergeant, about the possibility of our getting anything else to eat during the three days, but he gave me no encouragement. Nevertheless I borrowed one biscuit of the nine which constituted the next day's ration and promised myself I would eat a light breakfast.

Then I reminded myself that at home I often had gone without breakfast for the sake of starting early for a morning of fishing. Why could I not do likewise in Virginia? I regarded the proposition with enough favor to borrow another biscuit. But those bits of hard bread did not seem to fill the aching void that longed for them, and when I learned that most of the company were as hungry as I and were acting according to the sentiment, "Eat, drink and be merry, for tomorrow we may die," even though the death was to be by starvation, I followed their example with such industry that by the time I was ready to sleep my haversack was as empty as when it first came from the quartermaster's. Never before had I enjoyed any meal so thoroughly, yet 'twas nothing but hard bread seasoned with Virginia air.

It seemed only a minute to breakfast time, so soundly did I sleep during nature's effort to make amends for the wakeful night before. No sooner was I awake, however, than I began to think of breakfast and of not having anything of which to make it. If misery loves company, our troop ought to have been a most sociable lot, for nearly all had been as improvident as I. Soon I began to stroll desperately about the forest in which we were camped. I hoped to find at least a slippery elm tree from which to tear some bark to eat, but the trees were mostly pines, among which the elm seldom grows. At the edge of the wood was a cornfield, into which I sprang and tore open some husks, hoping to find a belated ear which might be soft enough to chew, but all the corn was hard. I plodded so long between the rows that suddenly I saw before me the roof of a cabin. There might be rebels in it, thought I, but if they took me prisoner they couldn't refuse me something to eat. No matter how rebellious, the southerner never lost his reputation for hospitality.

I was greeted at the cabin door by an old colored woman who looked at me savagely and said:

"Don' yo' come no furdur, Mas' Sojer. Dey ain't nuffin lef' to steal. Yo' men dun tuk ev'ryting in de house las' night."

I took a silver quarter from my pocket. "Twas a birth year pocket piece which I had carried for years; but, as Satan remarked the only time on record when he told the truth, 'All that a man hath will he give for his life.' I

made it five and there resolved never to go on another scout without a little bag of meal in my haversack. As I ate, the old woman told me of the trouble she had in keeping in the house anything to eat. The southern soldiers, she said, stole everything she had whenever they came that way, as did the northern soldiers, so she had learned to keep her chickens, pigs and corn in the woods far back from the road, where nobody would be likely to find them, and her husband always watched them when any soldiers were in the neighborhood.

I wondered what the people in the north would think about such treatment of the colored people, for whose benefit some of them seemed to think the war was conducted, but my thoughts were interrupted by the sound of a bugle.

"Take de res' along, honey," said the old woman, "an'—here she looked under the floor again—"hyab's some yams 'sweat potatoes.' Tuck 'em in yo' pockets an' roas' 'em in de hot ashes when yo' gits hungry."

I hurried away with profuse thanks, a full stomach and an entire willingness to face, single handed, the whole southern army in battle array. Many months later, when I had some soldiers under my own command, I gave more attention to the cookhouse than to my other duties combined. And how grateful were the smiles which Brainard, Hamilton and Clorne gave me when I divided my surplus hockeak among them! Brainard said that bit of hockeak saved his life, so I had done the government as great a service as if I had brought a new soldier into the field.

Again we started, and as we rode the captain and lieutenants looked frequently at the horses' heads to see that curb bits were not chained too tight or hanging too high or too low and that the horses were not worried by being ridden with too tight reins. Most of the recruits wanted to make their horses arch their necks like soldiers' horses in statues and military pictures, and when the captain made them stop they muttered that war wasn't much fun. Big Pat Callahan said that a soldier was not only a dog, but he was expected to let his horse be a plug, which proved that the government was a condemned fool and deserved to be wiped out by the rebels. He did not get much sympathy from Mick McTwyry, for Mick was trying to carry the dignity of his new office, and it was such a heavy contract that he had no mind for anything else. His recruits, however, agreed fully with big Pat Callahan and cursed the government fluently, and the captain didn't reprove them, which seemed to me gross neglect of duty.

We rode nearly all day, but nobody could tell us where we were or what we were expected to do or when we would do it, all of which, when prolonged for hours, began to be enraging in the extreme. When we halted at noon to feed the horses, I complained to Clorne that if we never were to know what we were to do we might as well be so many machines.

"That's just what we're expected to be," said he, "and the sooner you realize it and live up to it the sooner you'll be a trustworthy soldier."

This was depressing. It was simply awful. Could there be no way of release for a mind which could not help working? I asked Clorne how high in rank a soldier must be to do some thinking for the government, and he replied:

"General in chief of the army, as a rule, though before you've been long in the cavalry service you'll have an occasional chance to use all the brains you own and wish for another headful to help you through."

This was encouraging for a little while, and then it wasn't. During the day I found something besides the conduct of the war to think of. The dust raised by more than a thousand horses in front, our company being next to the last in column, was blinding and choking, besides getting inside my clothing and making me feel unspeakably dirty. How I wished I might take in rapid succession all the baths I had with great effort avoided when I was a small boy! The water in my canteen became disgustingly warm, for the midday sun was hot and I had not learned how to cool a canteen, yet my mouth and throat were parched. My legs ached intensely from the steady pressure on the saddle, yet the horn of the saddle was so high, with the roll of blankets strapped to it, that I could not get relief by riding "woman fashion" for a few moments, as was the custom with farmers' boys at Summerton. Poor Brainard, who never before had done any riding, said he was sure his legs were being so bowed that they would have a wider spread than his shoulders, which would be extremely inconvenient, as well as unsightly. But there was one comfort—Mick McTwyry insisted that his legs were that bad that when he reached camp he was going to the hospital and remain there for life.

Suddenly, an hour after the afternoon march began, I was given a new subject for thought. A bugle call sounded from the advance, which was passed down the column by successive buglers. It was a call I had not heard before, so I asked the lieutenant what it was.

"It's 'Charge.' That's what it is."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sources of Alcohol.

Some terribly potent liquors, it is said, can be distilled from the innocent looking banana and also from the milk of the coconut. The Japanese make a beverage from plums and from the flowers of the motherwort and the peach. The Chinese produce several qualities of spirit from rice and peas, all of them intoxicating, besides which they can make an alcoholic drink from mutton.

Falls a Deadly Attack.

"My wife was so ill that good physicians were unable to help her," writes M. M. Austin, of Winchester, Ind., "but was completely cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills." They work wonders in stomach and liver troubles. Cures constipation, sick headache. 25c at John E. Daly's drug store.

The Bubble Reputation.

The Governor-Colonel, don't you know Judge Blank? Shake hands with him.

The Colonel—Ah, you are Judge Blank of Blankville?

The Judge—Yes; Blankville is my home.

The Colonel—Of course I know you by reputation then.

The Governor-Colonel, don't you know it always makes me feel mighty uncomfortable when a man says that about me—that he knows me by reputation?

The Colonel—How is that, governor? Why should it make you feel uncomfortable?

The Governor—Because, by jingo, I always wonder which reputation he means.

Same Old Thing.

Tom—Did you call on that pretty telephone girl?

Dick—Yes, but I guess there was another fellow there ahead of me, or maybe it was only force of habit.

Tom—How do you mean?

Dick—My card came back with the message: "Busy. Please call again."—Philadelphia Press.

Reassuring George.

She had been shopping, and he was naturally disturbed.

"I hope you didn't spend much money while you were downtown today," he remarked.

"Not a cent except car fare, George," she answered reassuringly. "I had everything charged."—Chicago Post.

(First Publication 12-10-11)

Notice of Application.

Wood County Court—in Probate.

STATE OF WISCONSIN, COUNTY OF WOOD.

In the matter of the estate of Sheridan Jesmer, deceased.

On this 14th day of December, A. D. 1902, upon reading and filing the petition of Phyllis Jesmer stating that Sheridan Jesmer of the county of Wood, died intestate, on or about the 22nd day of November, 1902, and praying that she, Phyllis Jesmer, be appointed administratrix of the estate of said deceased.

It is Ordered, That said application be heard before me, at the probate office in the city of Grand Rapids, on the 6th day of January, A. D. 1903, at 10 o'clock, a. m.

And it is further Ordered, That notice of time and place appointed for hearing said application be given to all persons interested by publishing a copy of this order for three weeks successively in the Grand Rapids Tribune, a newspaper printed in said county, previous to the time appointed for said hearing.

By the Court. W. J. CONWAY, County Judge.

The "HUB" SAMPLE ROOM.

G. W. MASON, Prop.

Dealer in Fine Wine, Liquors and Cigars.

West side, Grand Rapids.

Patronize Home Industry

by having your work done at the Riverside Steam Laundry.

All work guaranteed.

GEORGE BOYER, PROP.

West Side, Near Commercial House.

Garriage Painting!

Now is the time to have your carriage painted.

We can do you a first-class job and it will not cost you a fortune either. Call on us for anything in this line.

LEBRECHT & RYDER, Ptrs.

East Side, north of Spafford's.

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Patronize

FOR THE HONOR OF A PRINCESS

By F. K. Scribner

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The Duke de Biar, a nobleman of ancient ancestry and a young man of great accomplishments, had disappeared from the court and with him the Princess Alice. It was known to the king that the duke had sought to be a churchman, being of gloomy mind and much given to moodiness. But Henry, having small desire to see so great a nobleman turn monk, had played right skillfully the dark eyes of his royal kinswoman against the church.

Strange it was that the duke had not bidden his time until the king were ready for a royal wedding. As for me, humble lieutenant of the musketeers that I am, I knew that the princess loved him not, for I had been chosen by his majesty to guard her person and saw her daily. Right well I knew—But that belongs not in this story.

The most important thing was that my king had bidden me, in great secrecy, to choose but one follower and with him to ride to the duke's chateau at M.

The honor of the princess rested in my hand, of which fact Paris must not know.

It was an hour past midnight when I, with the Chevalier de Rosset, at my side, rode forth from Paris. De Rosset was in cheerful mood.

"Zounds!" said he, snapping his fingers briskly. "Methinks this Duke de Biar hath o'ershot the mark. Plotting was bad enough, yet he must needs, having ridden with his princess beyond the walls, lay violent hands upon her person. Had he but waited, the king's desire had given her to him."

To my mind also came the thought the man must be truly mad; but, despite the weight of the occasion, something within me rejoiced that it lay within my power to undo the duke and return the princess to the king, her uncle.

The duke's dwelling lay some leagues from Paris, so the first dawn overtook us as we rode from the forest which surrounded the chateau on three sides. The place was of some strength, built in the days of the king's grandfather, so perchance some obstacle might lie between us and an entrance.

But upon our reaching the entrance to the dwelling we found it indeed most poorly guarded in that the guard had unbarred the door, the day being full upon us. Moreover, I perceived he was no other than one who had served the king, an ex-musketeer of mine own company.

Seeing me, he stood open mouthed, saluting with much ceremony, nor showed he any disposition to bar our progress.

"Faith," replied he to my greeting. "Thou art come from Paris at a most early hour. The duke is yet abed, having come hither but yesterday in company with his cousin, who suffers from a malady."

"What now?" cried De Rosset. "Is the lady stricken?"

"That she is," replied the witless fellow, "for the duke bore her before him on the saddle and hath given her in charge of the women, bidding them look to it she commit no injury upon her person."

"Came they alone?" asked I.

"Only the two," replied he. "Art from the king?"

De Rosset plucked my sleeve. "Twas told in Paris," said he, "the duke's kinswoman had lost her wits, and 'tis the royal pleasure we learn concerning her condition. 'Tis the purpose of his majesty to send his leech to cure her if occasion warrants it."

The fellow nodded. "The duke is much in favor with the king," said he. "Would see the woman who guards the maid?"

De Rosset cast upon me a look of triumph. "Twere most fitting," replied he, "for the hour being early, 'twere an ill thing to arouse the duke, thy master."

"'Tis a most strange thing," muttered De Rosset as we followed the servant through the long and dimly lighted corridor, "beyond comprehension, and methinks there comes a queer twist to our errand. Either this duke be drunk or truly mad; therefore look to it, M. de Marc, that no trap be set for us."

Presently we came unto the door of a chamber, and the servant drew back, signifying 'twas the room wherein was confined the princess.

"Go thou," said De Rosset gruffly. "Thou hast done thine errand." And he put in the fellow's palm a silver piece.

"I will remain here," said he, the man being gone, "and if any come to know our business I will deal with him." So saying, he unsheathed his sword and took his stand beside the door, upon which I knocked softly.

A voice from within demanded who sought admittance at so early an hour, when 'twas small courtesy to disturb a lady's quiet.

I replied that I bore a message from the duke which brooked of no delay, whereupon a bolt was withdrawn, the door partly opened, and the face of a woman appeared.

In the dim light she noted not my person, but demanded irritably that I deliver the message quickly and be gone. But I, placing my knee against the half closed door, thrust it back with such force that the woman was thrown to the floor, where she lay stunned.

"'Tis the antechamber to the inner room," said De Rosset, peering over my shoulder. "Go in. I will look to the wench that she make no outcry." Pushing the heavy draperies guard-

ing the entrance to the inner chamber aside, I entered without ceremony, then paused, for the princess was before me.

Aroused by the sound of voices in the antechamber she had risen from a couch and confronted me. The half light touched her with a glow soft as moonlight, revealing the whiteness of her skin, the gentle curve of her throat and neck and the veiled splendor of the soft, dark eyes.

"My lord," said she, "what means this intrusion? 'Tis but poor courtesy which sends thee hither when I would be alone."

She took me for the Duke de Biar. The shadow of the draperies concealed my features, and I being somewhat the size of the nobleman the mistake was easy. I took a step toward her, the gleam of my hilt flashing in the light. She started, her hand going to a little toy dagger which lay upon the table at her side. Suddenly the color which had risen to her cheeks died away, her lips parted and her hand went to her heart.

"M. de Marc," she cried, "M. de Marc, 'tis thou! Thou wilt save me from this madman!"

"Princess," I replied, "none shall harm thee. The king hath sent me to take thee back to Paris."

She smiled softly, laying her hand upon my arm. "Brave M. de Marc," cried she, "would I might!"

The voice of De Rosset checked her words, his face appearing between the curtains.

"Look to thyself, De Marc!" he cried. A cry from the princess made me turn sharply. Beyond the circle of light where the dark canopy of the bed met the wall I saw an evil figure, cloaked and booted, plumed hat upon head and naked blade in hand. 'Twas the Duke de Biar, who had entered noiselessly through a secret passage in the wall.

His eyes were fixed upon me in mute astonishment, nor methinks he recognized in the intruder of the princess' chamber the king's musketeer.

As I wavered, my hand upon the hilt, he advanced slowly, his eyes still fixed upon my face.

"Sir," said he very softly, "what would you with this lady?"

The princess crept to my side. "Brave M. de Marc," she whispered, "trust him not. A sudden thrust—"

"Sir," cried the duke a second time, "what is thy business?"

"At the king's command," replied I shortly.

"Aye, the good king," he muttered. "We were to dine together. What of the king?"

De Rosset stepped across the threshold. "The man is mad," he whispered; "mad as a hare. Beware, De Marc." The sight of him changed the duke's mood.

"Begone!" he cried; then of a sudden he lunged at me with his sword.

As the blood drawn from the prick he gave me in the shoulder appeared upon the lace of my collar the princess cried out, and De Rosset pressed forward.

Angered by the wound, I made to thrust my opponent through the body, but De Rosset thrust my point aside.

"Wouldst slay a madman?" he cried. "There is another way."

Even as he spoke my point, being turned from its true aim, pierced the duke's shoulder. He started back, a wondrous change coming over him. The mad light in his eyes died out, the leading forth of blood o'ercoming the malady. With a bewildered gesture he passed his hand across his eyes.

"O God," he muttered, "what thing be this?"

Suddenly, before I could intervene, he threw himself upon his knees before the princess.

"Madame," cried he, "'tis the curse upon my race. 'Twas for that I sought to be a churchman."

A look of great pity came to the lady's eyes. "My lord," said she, "thou art forgiven. The king—"

"The king," cried he, "I cannot meet the king?"

With a cry of terror he gained his feet and sought blindly for his sword. I thought he would have set upon us and stood on guard, but 'twas against himself he turned the blade.

Quicker than thought he set the hilt against the wall, pressing the point upon his heart so the steel pierced through ere any could raise a staying hand.

De Rosset bent over the quivering body. "God's death!" he muttered. "'Tis a sorry thing. The madness of the Duke de Biar hath slain him."

Then, turning to the princess, who leaned half fainting against my shoulder, spoke he:

"Madame, the horses await below and the king in Paris. Let us ride thither quickly. I warrant M. de Marc will soon become a nobleman."

But what care I for what the king might offer me? In the eyes of the princess I had read that which is not in the gift of kings.

Peasant Life In Moravia.

The days of the village fair were interesting. Peasants in curious quaint costumes came from every direction. It is rather embarrassing for an American to have men and women take his hand and kiss it. Nor did they seem one whit degraded thereby, says Donaboe's Magazine.

All appeared to be happiness, comfort and contentment. The hard grind of American farm life was nowhere visible, but laughter and song, beer and wine made each day seem a fair day. Not once was any drunkenness observed, or any quarreling, or any loud, profane talk. A simple, God-fearing people, well to do, comfortable in their homes, happy in their occupations, respectful, yet self-respecting, their lives glided on, "darkened by shadows of earth, yet reflecting the image of heaven." Nowhere can you find a more ideal community than at Schloss Grussbach, in old Moravia.

A FEAST THAT FAILED.

The Story of a Raccoon That Was Not Served For Breakfast.

It is within the memory of many people that the custom of schoolteachers "boarding around" was the usual thing in country districts. Although a custom which teachers seldom liked, it is doubtful if many of them had as hard a time as a young schoolmaster who described his experience in the New England Galaxy for 1817. The article was written by Leonard Apthorp, then an undergraduate of Bowdoin college. The young schoolmaster was to receive \$15 a month and his board.

From the first day I perceived that I was at board on speculation and at the mercy of a close calculation, he writes. One day the whole dinner consisted of a single dumpling, which they called a pudding, and five sausages, which in cooking shrunk to the size of pipestems. There were five of us at table.

A few days afterward, on my return from school, my eyes were delighted by the sight of an animal I had never seen before. It was a raccoon, which the young man, Jonathan, had killed and brought home in triumph. When skinned, he seemed to be one entire mass of fat and of a most delicate whiteness. I was overjoyed and went to bed early to dream of delicious steaks which the morrow would bring.

Long before daylight I heard the family stirring, and the alacrity of quick footsteps and the repeated opening and shutting of doors all gave assurance of the coming holiday.

I was soon ready for breakfast, and when seated at table I observed that the place of Jonathan was vacant.

"Where is Jonathan?" I asked.

"Gone to market," said they.

"Market? What market, pray? I did not know there was any market in these parts."

"Oh, yes," they said, "he is gone to—about thirty miles to the southward of us."

"And what has called him up so early to go to market?"

"He is gone," said they, "to sell his raccoon."

PICKINGS FROM FICTION.

The fool's car was made for the knave's tongue.—Ramuswami's "Indian Fables."

Bad habits are leeches that would suck a Hercules to effeminacy.—"A Speckled Bird."

Money buys things, and love wins things; power takes things.—"Fame For a Woman."

Duty is what we think about when ill or are reminded of by creditors.—Davidson's "Dumas."

When a man ceases to make love to his wife, some other man begins.—"Fables For the Elite."

People whose lives are anything but a joke are usually content with the smallest jests.—"The Vultures."

Mothers personify circumstances to children. We are symbols to them of baffling, cramping fate.—"The Rescue."

A woman is like unto a volcano, which, even when inactive, is palpitating to spit forth its fire and which, when it does vent its fury, bursts the bounds of its late enforced suppression.—"The Wooing of Wistaria."

Girls Help Waiters to Cheat.

Among hotel employees sex does not appear to make any difference so far as honesty is concerned, says the Brooklyn Eagle. Certain young women who act as checkers in hotels work with certain waiters. Whenever one of the girls obtains a position the men soon follow her, and the hotel proprietor is victimized accordingly. The waiter who is in league with the checker makes a small private mark on the check with which he desires to cheat. She sees it, and instead of stamping the prices against the articles ordered she puts her fingers over the figures on the die so that a slight blotch is all that is recorded in the place for figures. The waiter does the rest. She keeps her account against her confederates, and they settle up later on the outside.

Touch That Holds Memory.

Once upon a time there was a man who was a chronic borrower of money, and he was never known to slight an acquaintance through neglect. He was extremely well known by a large circle of acquaintances, which he was continually endeavoring to enlarge.

The members of this growing circle never forgot him, and even after his death he remained green in their memories.

Moral—A man to insure being remembered must keep in touch with his friends.—New York Herald.

After the Sunshine.

"What became of that Sunshine club which Daisy started?"

"Oh, it's under a cloud. After the first annual election of officers it was impossible to get a quorum owing to the fact that no two members of the club were 'on speaking terms.'"—Chicago Record-Herald.

Unconventional.

"You spoke of Gloomer as being 'queer.' Is he mentally unbalanced?"

"Not exactly that. He's merely eccentric and peculiar. He gives in his property to the assessor at the same figure he has it insured for."—Chicago Tribune.

What He Realized.

Judge—You do not seem to realize the enormity of the charge against you.

Prisoner—No; I ain't got my lawyer's bill yet, but I'm expectin' the charge 'll be enormous, all right.—Philadelphia Record.

Don't Worry if Your Associates Push you to the Wall.

You will find the wall handy as a brace when you get ready to push back.—Vicksburg Herald.



"WHY DID THEY TIE HIM?"

Tommy Is Still Mystified Over the Nathan Hale Statue.

Mrs. Worth last week came over from Brooklyn with her precocious nine-year-old son Tommy and walked with him across the City Hall park. Tommy manifested a lively interest in the Nathan Hale statue. He wanted a good, long look at it, and his mother humored him.

"Mamma, what's he tied for?" was Tommy's first question after his searching examination.

"So he can't get away," the proud mother replied.

"Is he alive?" was the next question.

"No, Tommy; he's made of bronze, and there's no life in that."

"Then he couldn't get away, could he, mamma?"

"No, dearest."

"Then what is he tied for?"

"You see, dear, the soldiers caught him and bound him that way, and then they hanged him."

"Did they kill him, mamma?"

"Yes, darling."

"Then he is dead, isn't he?"

"Yes, love."

"Then how could he get away?"

"Um—er—why, Tommy?"

"Then why did they tie him, mamma?"

Only the roar of Broadway could be heard above the intensity of her silence, and as she led the little fellow along he echoed over and over, "What did they tie him for, mamma?"—New York Times.

A Point He Forgot.

It was in a small town up the state. A young lawyer who was counsel for the prisoner in a murder trial was cross examining an old farmer, the chief witness of the prosecution. The testimony of the farmer went to show the time at which he saw the accused pass a field where he was working.

"Now, my man," he commenced, "you declare that you saw the prisoner pass your potato field at 12 o'clock. How did you know it was 12 o'clock?"

"Kind of inward feelin' that it was dinner time," drawled the old farmer. "I don't carry no watch when out diggin' potatoes. But when I got home an hour later it was half past 2 by the kitchen clock."

The young lawyer did not wait to hear more. He turned to the jury and began, "Gentlemen of the jury, you have heard what this old gentleman has said in regard to the time, and—"

"Say, mister," interrupted the farmer, "I forgot to tell you that the kitchen clock has been at half past 2 for the last three years."—New York Times.

Philosophic Pill.

Lots of talk about this old world not being a bright one, yet if it went to blazing first thing you'd do would be to call out the fire department.

There's always life in the old land, but the world gets mighty tired digging so deep for it.

The charity of this world covers a multitude of sinners that don't care a straw for any other covering.

Some folks spend so much time in looking backward they never see the train coming till it's too late to step aside.—Atlanta Constitution.

Serious Matter.

The young man in the dress suit was angry.

"I say," he exclaimed, "it's a deuced outrage!"

"What is?" asked the proprietor of the restaurant.

"I've been bit-taken for a waitah twice!" complained the youth.

"Thunder and guns!" cried the proprietor excitedly. "We'll have to find a way to stop that or I won't be able to keep any waiters."—Brooklyn Eagle.

Suspicious.

"I'm afraid my husband doesn't love me any more," said the bride of six months, with an overcasten sigh.

"When did you discover the change?" asked her mother.

"When I discovered that he had quit leaving any chance in his pockets," replied the young lady sadly.

Dead Right.



Cynic—One of the greatest nuisances on earth is this custom of shaking hands with every one you meet.

Friend—That's right, old man. Shake!—San Francisco Chronicle.

Strong For the Strong.

"Your father has a strong box at home, hasn't he, Willie?" said the teacher.

"Yes'm," replied Willie; "the one he keeps the Limburger in."—Yonkers Statesman.

SNOWDRIFT STORIES

(Copyright, 1902, by C. E. Lewis.)

When the conductor of the U. P. train came back to the parlor cars and said that the train was stopped by a snow-drift twenty feet high and half a mile long and that it might be three days before we were dug out, there were considerable swearing among the male passengers and weeping and lamenting among the women and children. Night came down with a wild wailing of wind and everybody kicking and ready for a quarrel, and then the Chicago drummer showed what kind of a man he was. In a quiet, gentle way he drove the passengers into the last coach, kissed all the children, smiled at all the women and bowed to the men as he began:

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is a simple incident of railroad travel in the winter. In a few hours we shall be steaming on our way again, and this detention will be remembered only as a pleasant adventure. Three years ago business called me to Manitoba. It began snowing one day, and in the course of three hours our train had come to a standstill. We were caught between stations twenty miles apart, and within ten hours engine and cars were buried out of sight. There was only food enough for one meal, and by noon next day the fuel had given out. There were more than a hundred of us, and death by freezing and starvation stared us in the face."

"Seems to me I heard of that incident," said the redheaded man from Omaha.

"Of course you did—of course," replied the drummer, "as the details were published far and wide. We were in that drift for sixteen days. I have always felt sorry for the ten little children, but under such circumstances what can you do? It is a case of the survival of the fittest. Yes, the children had to go. There came a day when we had eaten the last of our shoes and gloves, and we had to begin on the children."

"You don't mean that you turned cannibal?" exclaimed the mother of a four-year-old boy.

"Ah, madam, when men are dying of hunger they have no sentiment," replied the drummer. "The last of the children had disappeared when we were rescued. I am sorry, deeply sorry, but I feel myself blameless. I had eaten my shoes, gloves, hat and the velvet collar of my overcoat first. I had even tried to eat the plush cover of the seats, but the stuff got tangled in my teeth and wouldn't go down. I knew that there were ten fat children aboard, ranging in age from one to seven years, but I was not the first to propose it. No, believe me, I was not. I had intended to keep right on and starve to death, but the others were fierce to live, and live they did. The first child selected was a beautiful little boy. Ah, I remember!"

The drummer wiped tears from his eyes with his knuckles and was overcome for a moment. When he could control his voice again, he said:

"I cannot go on. I refer you to the papers of that date for further particulars. I brought up the incident for its moral effect alone. Always remember, my friends, that no matter how bad things are they might be worse."

Most of us had mentally set him down as a bold faced liar, but forgave him on the ground that he was lying in our interests, when he cleared his throat and resumed:

"I was in the Blank hotel in St. Louis when that terrible conflagration broke out. As I am a Chicago man, and as there is a bitter jealousy between the two cities, I was stuck away up on the ninth floor in a small room. It was midnight, and I was sleeping like a babe when the smoke and flame and confusion aroused me. Hastily throwing on my clothes, I dashed out into the hall. From a window at the back end dangled a rope—a single rope. There was just time for one person to slide down before the rope would be burned in twain and rendered useless, while there were forty women and myself to be saved. In this emergency—"

"You saved the forty women, of course," interrupted an old maid from Iowa.

"No, ma'am; I am happy to say I didn't," replied the drummer. "With their shrieks and screams ringing in my ears, I caught the rope and descended in safety, and every one of them perished."

"But that was worse than cowardly on your part. A man who would do that—"

"I acted for the best, I assure you, ma'am. Those ladies were delegates to a Christian Endeavor convention. They had attended a meeting that day. They were ready to go. On the contrary, I was at that time a sinful man and needed at least two years to even stop swearing. There has never been the slightest doubt in my mind where the forty went to, but if I hadn't escaped by the rope my whereabouts to this day would be a subject of anxiety to my friends. The moral lesson I seek to convey is that none of us should ever stand in the way of somebody else getting hold of a good thing."

Two or three of the men said something about punching some one's head, and three or four of the women looked upon the drummer as a monster. Others looked horrified, and some tried to smile in a doubtful way, and it was a painful pause as the drummer hunted in his vest pocket for a trochee. As he dropped it into his mouth he said:

"I tell you the story because of the moral lesson conveyed. There are worse things than being snowed up here. For instance, we might be strangled in our beds." M. QUAD.

G. W. Paulus

Buys and Sells Farms, Lands, Homes & Lots.

Insures Your Property Against Fires, Tornadoes In First class Companies.

Loans Money on First Class Securities.

For particulars Write or call on me at Grand Rapids, Wis. Office in Wood County Nat'l Bank Block. Phone 300.

Where to Buy Shoes.

It is well to remember that there is a good store where you can get the best shoe service. Some day you will want a pair in a hurry and you may not know where to go.

This is the place to get the best the market affords at the least possible outlay. We do not keep shoddy shoes—neither do we charge fancy prices.

This is the all around satisfactory place to buy shoes. Remember!

I. ZIMMERMAN, West Side Shoeman.

HARNESS HAPPENINGS

When looking for anything in the harness line, don't forget that J. H. Landry, whose shop is near the bridge on the West side, is always ready to supply your wants. He keeps everything in the line of harness

Grand Rapids, Wis., Dec. 31 1902

Entered at the Post Office at Grand Rapids, Wis., as second-class mail matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

One Year.....\$1.50
Six Months.....75

Football and Education.

The close of another football season furnishes an opportunity to take an accounting of affairs and renew the discussion as to the advisability of admitting this game into high schools and colleges. Athletics have come to be regarded as a necessary of a well balanced education and all institutions of any importance make it a point to encourage them in every legitimate manner possible. Football, however, on account of the danger alleged to be linked inseparably with it, while encouraged in some quarters, is frowned upon in others. The chief objection to the game comes from principals of high schools, some of them not permitting the game to be played at all.

The subject has drawn forth much discussion in the past and doubtless will continue to do so in the future, but despite the hazard and the opposition to it, the game continues to grow in popularity each year, and the high school teacher or the college professor, who publicly opposes it, is likely to lose no small amount of prestige with his wide awake students who are inclined to athletic sports.

Among this subject the opinion of President Northrop, of the University of Minnesota, will be of interest. In the course of a published interview he says:

"At first I regarded football as an evil which could not well be avoided. I have watched the game for several years and have slowly but surely come to the conclusion that the game, on the whole, desirable through not lacking some features that are to be regretted. No doubt football is a dangerous game when played by untrained persons whose physical condition is not what it should be, but it is not ordinarily dangerous for those whose physical condition has been examined by a competent physician and pronounced good and who have been trained to play the game as it ought to be. The danger is much less than it appears to be because the men are padded so as to be able to fall without injury.

"Of course, accidents may occur, as they may at every step of our lives. But we do not on that account shut ourselves up and refuse to go anywhere or do anything. We all take chances, so to speak, whenever we leave our homes. I may add that football certainly does not improve the scholarship of those devoted to it and on the whole is not, I think, helpful to the general scholarship of the institution, meaning by scholarship proficiency in regular studies. Few football men are distinguished for scholarship and many football men are of low grade scholarship."

One point to which attention is called is worthy of emphasis. It is that the candidate for football should be examined by a physician to determine whether or not he is able to stand the rigorous training and the severe work of the game. That question settled in his favor, the danger of accidents is materially lessened. To attempt to curb the inclinations of students when turned toward wholesome sports is a mistake. They should rather be encouraged within reasonable limitations, and they will be better for it.

DR. RODERFUND of small pox fame is still having troubles of his own. He recently made up his mind to leave Appleton and settle in Milwaukee. He went there and rented rooms but when he came to move in the owner of the building refused to give him the office. Dr. Roderfund says that the doctor profession as it now exists is all a fake and that if the people of Milwaukee would listen to him he would save them \$2,000,000 a year. He does not state how much he would save himself, but it ought to equal this amount.

ONE of the eastern roads has decided to put a bridal car on its line for the exclusive use of bridal parties. The innovation is said to have been caused by the fact that the passengers have begun to complain of the frequent showers of rice and old shoes that are fired by the energetic but erring friends of offending parties. It is thought that a separate car will have a tendency to protect the passengers who have passed through this stage of mental aberration or may have escaped the affliction up to date.

The canvass of the result of the recent election has been completed with the compilation of the vote on the three constitutional amendments, all of which passed. The totals are:
For revision of banking law, 64,336; against 44,620.
For change in election of school superintendent, 71,550; against, 57,411.

ADMIRAL CERVERA, who surrendered to Admiral Schley during the late unpleasantness with Spain, has been promoted to the office of chief of staff of the navy. Considering the size of Spain's navy, this must be more of an honorary than an executive office.

THE Tribune heartily wishes its many readers a prosperous and happy New Year.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.
LUCAS COUNTY.
Frank J. Cheney makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. Cheney & Co., doing business in the city of Toledo, counts and states above, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 31st day of December, A. D. 1902.
[SEAL] A. W. Gile, Notary Public.
HALL'S CATARRH CURE is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.
F. J. CHENEY & Co., Props., Toledo, O.
Sold by druggists, price 75c.
HALL'S Family Pills are the best.

Was McConnell's Wife.

It may be some local interest to know that Laura Biggar, the woman who was acquitted Wednesday at Freehold, N. J., of the charge of conspiracy to obtain the entire estate of \$500,000 of a wealthy invalid, H. W. Bennett of Pittsburgh, with whom she had lived and nursed for several years, was once the wife of J. W. McConnell, William Owen's leading man. It was the contention of Miss Biggar, that being her stage name, that she was the wife of Bennett at the time of his death. On the other hand it was alleged that she had colluded with Dr. Charles Hendricks and Samuel Stanton, the latter a justice of the peace, to demand the estate. At the trial an alleged bogus marriage certificate issued by the justice and posthumous child entered prominently in the case. Bennett had left Miss Biggar \$172,000 in his will but she had brought action for the entire estate. At the trial just closed Miss Biggar and her co-defendants were being tried for fraud and perjury. Miss Biggar being acquitted and the others convicted.

It is said that McConnell gave testimony for the defense in the trial, stating that Laura Biggar had told him that she had been married to Bennett. It is further stated that there is a possibility of reconciliation between McConnell and his former wife.

Case Has Been Pathetic

The coming back into the life of Miss Biggar at this critical turn of James Willis McConnell, the actor, who was her first husband, long since forgotten, to swear in her behalf gave color of pathos to the hearing seldom seen in criminal courts.

Mr. McConnell and Miss Biggar met for the first time one Sunday afternoon at a rehearsal. At that time she was 17 years old. Against her mother's wishes she had come on the stage. She had a sweet voice, plenty of emotion, and was beautiful. Nothing more was needed in such roles as hers.

McConnell, the leading man in the play, surrendered completely, and made love to Laura Biggar. She was a mere child, and her mother would not consent to a marriage.

Next season both young people went with a stock company on the road. They were married in Winthrop in 1889 by the Rev. Dr. Fatine.

Later they played in separate companies and finally she sued for divorce on the ground of non-support and obtained it.

After the divorce Laura Biggar continued with Hoyt, and McConnell went west to join the young Shakespearean actor William Owen, to produce Shakespearean plays. The two are co-stars now in a stock company that is playing throughout the west.

Telegraphed Him for Aid.

"One night we were in a little town out in Wisconsin about two weeks ago," said the actor, "I was sitting near a stove in a little hotel waiting for supper when a telegram was handed to me. It nearly took my breath away when I saw that it was from Laura Biggar."

"I knew that old man Bennett had told me that he was married to her when I went to his house once to get my boy, Willis, from his mother. I knew that Laura could not be all she was painted by the prosecution."

"When I received her telegram asking me if I would not come east and help her I said, 'Yes, I'll go back to her right now, and I'll take the witness stand and swear what Bennett told me about his wedding; it may help her out. It may be the only means of shielding her name and bringing justice to her and to my little boy, her child, and here I am.'"

About Telephones.

Charles G. Starks of the Berlin Journal, the veteran telephone man of the state, has the following about early phoning. We trust that what he says does not apply to anyone in Wausau.

The editor of the Journal put up the first telephone in Berlin on July 5th, 1878. He rented a pair of American phones from Valentine Bros., the present telegraph school proprietors in Janesville, who were agents for that instrument. The first Berlin phone was used over a grounded circuit of stove pipe wire procured at a hardware store and put up on house tops. The telephone was a magneto no battery being used, and it was transferred from the month to the car and vice versa, no separate transmitter being employed. It was a great curiosity. From the Journal of July 8, 1878, we quote:

"The magnetic telephone recently procured by the editor is now working between office and residence, six blocks. We can now at any hour of the day communicate with our wife or anybody else's wife who chances to be at our house. We can hear the baby cry, ask how near dinner is ready and almost even smell the fried onions on the stove. It is the most convenient thing for scolding you ever saw. The other day we came off and forgot to feed the pigs. The telephone enabled us to communicate with the house and we have since found feeding pigs by telephone to be altogether the easiest way. Now when the bell rings for noon or night, we invariably get a message by telephone something like this: 'Say, have you got that liver for breakfast?' 'Don't forget that bundle.' 'Be sure and get a loaf of bread for dinner.' 'Don't you dare to come home without that new mop I told you to get.' The other day some visitors dropped in to dinner without warning. The phone informed us that 'that old snoop of a Mrs. Tompkins and all her brats had come to get their dinner as usual without any warning and we must send up five pounds of steak as soon as possible.' Oh, this telephone is a huge affair and should be in every family. They are a big success."

That was twenty-four years ago and yet at this late day and age many well-to-do families, abundantly able to have a phone, are getting along without, or worse yet, are sponging the use regularly and systematically from the neighbors.

E. T. McCarthy has purchased two new Champion Blowers for his new blacksmith shop. They are one of the most up-to-date machines in the market; he has room for thirty horses and can accommodate his old and new customers.

About the City.

He was all of 6 feet tall and his 200 pounds were beautifully distributed; a "sparkler" that must have set him back about \$250 glistened on the third finger of his right hand and he wore a "really, truly" Panama.

When he shouldered his way through the swinging doors which lead to a well known drink dispensary his perfect "front" and general air of ready money won him a suave smile and a bow from the gentleman in white whose duty it is to fill the prescriptions behind the mahogany.

He leaned negligently against the brass rail and surveyed the bottles and cut glass, thoughtfully shifting his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other by a movement of his lips.

"What will it be this evening?" politely inquired the mixologist and waited some seconds for a reply. Finally the big Adonis squinted across the polished wood through the smoke from his Panatelle and remarked in a tired voice that a "tin roof" would just about touch the spot.

"A beg pardon, sir, but a 'tin roof' is a new one on me," said the bartender apologetically. "I'm not from K. C. Mizzy, but I'm afraid you'll have to show me."

"A 'tin roof,' my friend," said the drink purchaser in a lofty tone, "is concocted in a similar manner to a gun rickety, with the trifling exception that to the required amount of clove gin you are to add a few drops of cordials, the selection of the same being left to your own wisdom and taste. I think that is the recipe."

"This will be a pretty bum kind of a drink, if I am any judge," growled the attendant, as he busied up and mixed the dose "just as the doctor ordered."

But the man of queer taste seemed to enjoy his little drink and closed his eyes dreamily as he sipped it slowly. When he reached the bottom he scolded toward the door.

"Very sorry to mention it, sir, but haven't you forgotten something? Haven't seen any money for this yet you know," remarked the pharmacist, as the visitor seemed about to leave the place.

"Pay for that drink, my boy! Your remarks are innocuous and uncalled for. You will probably recollect that I christened that small dose a 'tin roof.' Need I remind you that a 'tin roof' is always 'on the house'?"

And with that he vanished through the swinging doors which respond so rapidly to the slightest touch.

The next visitor was a small, nervous man attired in shabby black. His coat was a three button frock and his trousers needed creasing. His shoes were innocent of polish and his hat was of the vintage of '98. As one of the loungers remarked, "That gazook looks as though he had had his coin on a dead card all his life, for fair."

The little man sidled up to the end of the bar nearest the door. Then he said very politely, "Do you keep beer here?" Upon receiving an affirmative reply, he announced that he would take about 5 cents worth done up in a tall glass.

The glass he drew was so very tall that he did not attempt to lift it, but pulling it to the edge of the mahogany with both hands, he tipped the huge affair to the required angle and allowed "the largest and coolest in the city" to flow down toward the region of his epiglottis.

While engaged in this delightful process his glance fell on a sign which announced to the observer that Pabst's beer was the "perfection of brewing reached in America." His eyes brightened perceptibly.

"Oh! Is this Mr. Pabst's beer that I am drinking? How glad I am to learn it. I know Mr. Pabst very well and I will settle with him for this." The last words of this short speech were spoken over his shoulder, as the little man seemed to think it was his cue to "exit L."

Then he, too, passed out through the swinging doors which respond so readily to the slightest touch.

There was nothing irregular about any of the callers for about two hours and the cash register jingled merrily every time there was a sale.

Then a "brace of real ones" blew in. Their appearance beggared description. Both looked as though they had stepped from the "hobo" page of one of the comic weeklies. The bartender eyed them suspiciously and placed the siphon bottle where he could get action on it "quicker'n Jerry signed the note."

But with a calm air of assurance which left no doubt as to their inherent honesty, whatever their appearance seemed to indicate, they both ordered, eyeing each other as they placed it, "a little red liquor in a dry glass." Mr. White Coat dexterously skated a tall bottle and two small glasses across the polished wood and having supplied the customers with the necessary "chasers" resumed his usual occupation of slowly wiping the bar with a towel.

As soon as the taller of the two "Wearies" had swallowed his potentia, a most amazing transformation took place. His unshaven face turned to an almost sickly green, his eyeballs rolled back in his head and he clutched his companion for support. Groaning heavily, he sank to the tiled floor, where he lay, his limbs contorting heavily.

The friend of the sick man expressed fury in every feature. "What do you mean by dopin' Jim's booze, you big stiff," he yelled to the affrighted wine clerk. "I'll have this place pinched, s'help me Clark! That gazook tried to do for me side-kicker," he said to the crowd which now stood about the prostrate man. "Lemme 'lone till I get him into the open air."

And carrying this "side-kicker" in his arms, he vanished through the swinging doors.

In a moment the bartender walked to the door and gazed out. When he returned, his face was livid. He stammered and stammered in an ecstasy of wrath. Finally he managed to blurt out, "Just another case of being stuck up for a couple of drinks. That's three times tonight. And that's the limit. No more. No more. Say, if old J. Pierp, Morgan himself walked in here now and ordered up a snit o'beer he'd have to lay his little old nuckle on the timber before he'd even get a look in at it. I pass up this charity graft. I'm going to throw

away the put back bottle and bar the free list. Youse guys can push out now because I'm going to lock up. And you can just circulate the report that tomorrow I'll be dussin' up against this bar all day just waiting for some \$12 jay to graft a drink on me.

"The first boy that makes a play of that kind will get the siphon, the bang starter and the brass 'knucks' all in less than a minute. And that ain't no Mott street dream neither."

Market Prices.

The following are the market prices of produce in the city of Grand Rapids corrected on the day of publication:

Potatoes, 2 bushel.....	33
Wheat, No. 2, 2 bushel.....	1.30
Rye, 2 bushel.....	.31
Oats, 2 bushel.....	.31
Corn, shelled, 2 100 lbs.....	1.22
Hay, marsh, 2 ton.....	4.50
Hay, timothy, 2 ton.....	7.50
Eggs, 2 dozen.....	.25
Butter, 2 bushel.....	1.22
Peas, 2 bushel.....	2.50
Onions, 2 bushel.....	.35
Beef, live, 2 100 lbs.....	\$2.00 to \$3.00
Beef, dressed, 2 100 lbs.....	\$4.50 to \$5.50
Pork, live.....	5.00
Pork, dressed.....	6.00
Veal, live, 2.....	.04 1/2
Veal, dressed, 2.....	.06 1/2
Chickens, live, 2.....	.75 to .85
Chickens, dressed, 2.....	1.12 to 1.15
Turkeys, live, 2.....	.80
Turkeys, dressed, 2.....	1.17
Flour, patent, 2 bbl.....	4.20
Feed, 2 ton.....	22.50
Middlings, 2 ton.....	16.00
Bran, 2 ton.....	15.50
Boiled Corn Meal, bbl.....	3.50
Lard, 2.....	.35 1/2
Whole Hams, 2.....	1.25
Mess Pork, bbl.....	17.00

—One big load of dry kindling wood delivered to any part of the city for \$1.25. BADER BOX & LUMBER CO. Telephone No. 314.

A Good Cough Medicure.

(From the Gazette, Toowoomba, Australia.)
I find Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is an excellent medicine. I have been suffering from a severe cough for the last two months, and it has effected a cure. I have great pleasure in recommending it.—W. C. Wockner. This is the opinion of one of the oldest and most respected residents, and has been voluntarily given in good faith that others may try the remedy and be benefited, as was Mr. Wockner. This remedy is sold by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

Wausau Pilot: Certain business men are talking of erecting a match factory in the northern part of town on the west side of the river at some early date. The site that meets with most favor being the old Parcher mill site. Such a plant could undoubtedly be made to pay in Wausau, though it would have the Oshkosh factory to complete with. In Wausau there is an abundance of refuse pine to be secured from the mills and factories that could be worked up into matches. At different times carloads of this refuse have been shipped to the Oshkosh factory, the buyers paying the freight and making a profit on the manufactured product. The men back of the scheme are all solid business men and should such an institution be built will no doubt make it a success.

An Honest Statement.

Mr. William Acton of 212 Fourth St. Lincoln, Ill., says: Our daughter aged sixteen, was suffering with a severe cough and cold on her lungs. Common remedies seemed to afford no relief and myself and her mother feared pneumonia or consumption. She began taking Harts' Honey and Horehound and in less than two weeks was entirely cured. We always recommend Harts' Honey and Horehound to any one suffering with a deep seated cough or cold. Sold by Sam Church, druggist.

Atty. John A. Gaynor of Grand Rapids, spent Monday in this city and closed a contract with J. C. Marsh for terminal facilities for the Wood County Telephone Co. He praised in highest terms Marshfield's present telephone system and predicted that the number will be increased to 400 before the end of next year.—Marshfield News.

A Better
..EMULSION..

than any you can buy

There are three kinds of Cod Liver Oil Emulsion. One kind you see advertised in all the newspapers; another kind the druggist buys of some wholesale manufacturer; the third kind the druggist makes himself. This last is the BEST kind. Our's belongs to this class. We make it ourselves and we know all about it. We know that we put in 50 per cent of our Imported Pure Norwegian Cod Liver Oil; (whereas the other kinds usually contain about 20 to 30 per cent.) If our's is not better in every way than any others you have used, we will refund your money. Price 75c a bottle. Cut out this adv. and bring it to us with 50c for a full sized bottle.

Otto's Pharmacy,
211 Cranberry St., Grand Rapids

MAIL ORDERS
PROMPTLY
ATTENDED TO

Johnson & Hill Co.

GRAND RAPIDS,
WISCONSIN.

AFTER-HOLIDAY
Clearing Sale

Now that the great holiday rush is over, giving us time to more carefully look over our stock, we find a great many broken lines, odds and edds, remnants, etc.

WE WANT TO CLEAN UP
ON ALL WINTER GOODS.

We don't want to carry over anything in these lines and with this end in view we have cut the price deep, in some cases one-third.

Ladies' Jackets.

There may be those who have put off buying, waiting for these bargains. Now is the time. Prices greatly reduced. Furs and Fur Coats greatly reduced.

Portieres and Couch Covers.

At 10 to 20 per cent discount during clearance sale.

Blankets and Quilts.

Blankets at 50c to \$10 per pair. All must go before Feb. 1st.

School Shoes.

Ask to see our \$1.25 and \$1.50 school shoes for girls.

Carpets and Rugs.

Don't forget we keep the finest line of carpets in Wood county.

Remember we guarantee everything. Money refunded if not right. Come in and help us clear the decks for the oncoming season.

JOHNSON & HILL COMPANY
DEPARTMENT STORE.
EAST SIDE. GRAND RAPIDS.

Broken Lines of Men's, Boys' and Children's
SUITS.

There are a great number of suits only one or two of a line left but a great assortment and sizes to fit all in the entire lot. The price is cut deep. Now is the time.

Shawls! Shawls!

All wool shawls at almost your own price.

Night Robes.

Outing Flannel night robes—a complete new line.

Overshoes and Rubbers.

Did you get a poor pair somewhere. Come here when you want another pair. We will give you good ones and cheap too.

FRANK A. CADY, Attorney at Law. Offices in Wood Block, (East Side) Grand Rapids, Wisconsin. A general law business conducted.

REAL ESTATE MATTERS A SPECIALTY. If you want to sell your farm or house and lot, list it for sale with me. If you want to buy a farm, a house in the city, or wild land, let me tell you where you can do so cheapest and best. Real estate loans and investments negotiated. Defective Titles Perfected.

GOGGINS & BRAZEAU, Attorneys at Law. Office in the Mackinon Block on the West side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

WHEELAN & WHEELAN, Attorneys at Law. Office in the Daily Block on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

B. M. VAUGHAN, Attorney at Law. Real Estate Bought and Sold on Commission. Gardner Block, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

W. J. CONWAY, Attorney at Law. Offices in Court House, East Side, and Mackinon Block, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

CONWAY & JEFFREY, Attorneys at Law. Law, Loans and Collections. We have \$30,000 which will be loaned at a low rate of interest. Office over First National Bank, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

GEO. H. METCALFE, Attorney at Law. Office in Mackinon Block on the west side, Grand Rapids, Wisconsin.

J. W. COCHRAN, Attorney at Law. Office over the Bank, West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis. Will practice in all courts of the state.

JOHN A. GAYNOR, Attorney at Law. Office over the Postoffice on the East Side. Will practice in all courts.

DR. ROBT. F. ERLER, Dentist. Teeth extracted and filled without pain. Full sets in gold and rubber plates. Office in Corvieu Building on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. G. T. HOUGEN, Physician and Surgeon. Office over Daily's drug store on east side, Grand Rapids. Office phone No. 312, residence No. 102.

DR. W. D. HARVIE, Physician and Surgeon. Specialty of eye, ear, nose and throat. Glasses accurately fitted. Office over Cohen's store, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. J. J. LOOZE, Physician and Surgeon. Telephone No. 62. Residence telephone No. 245. Office over Wood County Drug store on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. A. L. RIDGMAN, Physician and Surgeon. Telephone No. 924. Residence phone No. 23. Office over Church's Drug store on West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. F. POMAINVILLE, Physician and Surgeon. Telephone at office, No. 35; residence No. 248. Office in rear of Stiel's Drug Store on East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. D. WATERS, Physician and Surgeon. Night Calls at Dixon House, telephone No. 55. Office over Church's Drug Store, telephone 182. West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. CHAS. POMAINVILLE, Dentist. Telephone No. 216. Office in Pomainville Block West Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. D. A. TELFER, Dentist. Office over Wood County National Bank on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. F. D. HUMPHREY, Physician and Surgeon. Graduate Homeopathic and Allopathic School's Special attention given to women and children and all chronic diseases. Office over Candy Kitchen, East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

DR. A. B. CRAWFORD, Dentist. High grade service at reasonable fees. Office in Holland building on the East Side, Grand Rapids, Wis.

New Through Sleeping Cars. Beginning Monday, December 29th, a new line of through sleeping cars will be placed in service between Chicago and "The Soo," via the Chicago & Northwestern and the M. St. P. & S. Ste. N. Rys, leaving Chicago daily, except Sunday, at 8:00 o'clock p. m., Milwaukee 10:15 p. m., via Oshkosh, Green Bay, Menominee and Escanaba, arriving at Manistique about 7:00 a. m. and St. Marie soon after 10:00 a. m. Dining car service. Sleeping car southbound will leave the Soo at 3:00 p. m. daily, except Sunday, arriving at Chicago 7:30 a. m.

I'll brave the storms of Chilkoat Pass, I'll cross the plains of frozen glass, I'll leave my wife and cross the sea, Rather than be without Rocky Mountain Tea. —Johnson & Hill Co.

SHORT LOCALS

Jacob Bord spent Christmas with relatives in Marshfield.

Dick Smith of Bruce visited friends in this city over Christmas.

Mrs. M. C. Meddagh is visiting with relatives near Neillsville.

William Schroedel spent Christmas day with his relatives in Sigel.

Jay Turnbull of Merrillan spent Sunday with friends in this city.

Bert Palmer was down from Merrill to spend Christmas with his wife.

The Woman's Club will meet next Monday with Miss Helen Kromer.

G. E. Vaudecook of the Milwaukee Sentinel was in town on Tuesday.

Edward Kostka and Joseph Gardner spent Christmas at Plainfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Suhr spent Christmas at Vesper with relatives.

J. J. Varney of Babcock was a business visitor in the city on Saturday.

Miss Laura Whitrock spent Christmas with relatives in Stevens Point.

A baby girl was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Armstrong this morning.

Mrs. Harry S. Fox left on Saturday for Chicago for a few days visit.

Emil Lambert, day clerk at the Witter House, is enjoying a vacation.

Mr. and Mrs. Matt Schiltz spent Christmas with friends in Marshfield.

Miss Della Larson of Marshfield will spend New Years with friends here.

—Delicious Hot Chocolate 5c a cup at Otto's Pharmacy.

Our townsman, Samuel Boles, has been under the doctor's care the past week.

Mrs. Emmons Burr of Stevens Point visited friends here the first of the week.

Alois Huser of Alldorf was a pleasant caller at the Tribune office today.

A baby girl arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. William Nash on Saturday last.

Joe Hollmuller and Godfrey Moberg took in the sights at Wausau on Sunday.

Wilbur Keilner who is attending college at Wausau is home for the holidays.

Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Havenor spent Christmas with their son Royal at Waupaca.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Fosgate are spending the holidays with relatives in Plover.

W. H. Cochran has been confined to his home the past two weeks with rheumatism.

Wilbur Menier spent a few days the past week in Merrill with relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Sanderson spent Christmas at Stevens Point with friends.

A. W. Tuttle the genial clerk at the Dixon spent Christmas with his family at Oxford, Wis.

Mr. and Mrs. Leroy Tupper were in the city on Tuesday, being on their way to Wausau.

Dr. Goedecke and Barney Robus of Vesper were business visitors in the city on Saturday.

Mrs. Bert Lav of Babcock was in the city shopping on Monday and visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. John Casberg visited at the home of Chris Hassell at Rudolph on Sunday.

Edgar Kellogg is home from Lawrence University to spend the holidays with his parents.

—Don't neglect to read the ad. of Otto's Pharmacy in this issue. It is worth money to you.

Dan McKercher was down from Merrill to spend Christmas with his relatives in this city.

Chas. Kruger, of the Johnson & Hill Co. has been on the sick list for a few days with the grip.

Mr. and Mrs. Jas. K. P. Hiles of Dexterville were in the city visiting friends on Saturday.

John Cepress spent several days the past week in Ashland visiting his brothers and friends.

Lee Love of Merrill was in the city several days last week visiting with his relatives and friends.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Cameron were in the city over Christmas, returning to Milwaukee on Saturday.

Mrs. Barbara Beyer and Miss Schwartz are at Sherry this week visiting among friends.

Hayden Kelley of Plainfield formerly employed by O. Odell, the barber, was in town on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. S. Slingerland entertained a number of friends at lunch on Christmas eve.

Miss Mabel Brooks left on Friday for Armenia to visit her grandmother, Mrs. T. Lewis, for a week.

Miss Roene Havenor entertained a small party of friends at her home in Sigel on Christmas night.

John Worland of Sigel returned last week from Glidden, where he has been employed for some time.

Miss Emma Dugas of Menominee, Mich., is a guest at the home of Mrs. C. Arpin during the holidays.

Fred Warner of the Heineman Mercantile Company spent Christmas with his family in Marshfield.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Duncan and Miss Clara Duncan are spending a few days this week in Chicago.

Charles Boles, the real estate man, returned on Monday from Marshfield, where he had been on business.

Miss May Dumas of Oshkosh is spending the week with her mother, Mrs. J. J. Dumas of the east side.

Mrs. Barbara Langdon and daughter of Wausau were here over Christmas to spend the day among relatives.

The east side Ladies Aid Society of the M. E. church will meet with Mrs. F. S. Gill on Wednesday, Jan. 7th.

The Ladies Foreign Missionary society of the M. E. church will meet on Jan. 2nd at the M. E. parsonage.

Harry Sanderson of the Witter House was confined to his room several days with the grip the past week.

Miss Agatha Schneider is visiting friends in Watertown, expecting to be absent from home a couple of months.

Elmer Moberg returned last week from Iowa, where he has been employed the past six months on bridge work.

John Wheir, accompanied by his cousin, Joe Kominisky of Wild Rose, drove to Stevens Point and return on Sunday.

Peter Moberg and John Lindahl were down from Glidden the past week to spend the holidays with their families.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Grenfell of Chelsea were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Herb Kellogg for several days the past week.

Miss Ada Skeels who is teaching at Daney is spending her vacation with her mother, Mrs. Wm. Skeel, on the west side.

C. W. Scott, who is traveling for the Vaughan Seed company, visited his father and brother in this city over Christmas.

J. V. Berens, cashier of the Wild Rose state bank, passed through the city on Christmas on his way to Stevens Point.

John Nash of Clay City, Ky., arrived in the city last Wednesday evening to visit his relatives here for a week or more.

R. R. DeGross went to Marshfield on Christmas and spent the remainder of the week among his relatives there.

H. Clairmont, who has been visiting friends at Minneapolis and Duluth for a couple of weeks, returned to this city on Friday.

Henry Barmeister, one of the solid farmers of the town of Grand Rapids, was a pleasant caller at the Tribune office on Saturday.

Frank E. Carey, who is on the road for the D. C. Bardick company of Oshkosh, spent the holidays in this city with his family.

Miss Eva Cahill who is studying music in Milwaukee arrived home last week for a short visit with her mother, Mrs. Cahill.

Oscar Croteau, head clerk in Cohen's store, had the misfortune to step on a rusty nail which laid him up several days last week.

Mrs. J. B. Hanna who is taking a course of study in Chicago, spent Christmas with her mother, Mrs. St. Amour of the west side.

Mrs. E. B. de Nevers of Woonsocket, R. I., is in the city the guest of her mother, Mrs. Clarissa Arpin, having arrived on Christmas day.

Rob Nash, who has been attending the university, is home for the Christmas vacation to visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. M. Nash.

Mrs. August Sator and son Raymond of Marshfield spent Saturday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Laramie of the east side.

F. Garrison distributed a load of turkeys among his employees in the paper mill last week. The birds were delivered by Pavlick & Rick.

A. F. Mareau, who has been at Shawano for some time past working on the new paper mill, returned to his home in this city last week.

Frank Jaadack, proprietor of the Thomas House at Marshfield was in the city a short time Tuesday attending to some business matters.

The Grand Rapids Lumber Co. have three camps in operation near Daney this winter in which they employ about one hundred men.

Miss Alice Raegan, stenographer at the Oberbeck Furniture factory, is visiting her parents at Grand Rapids, Michigan, during the holidays.

—The advertisement of Otto's Pharmacy in this edition is good for 25c toward the purchase of a bottle of their Emulsion of Cod Liver Oil.

Charles E. Lester was up from the cranberry marsh to-day to shake hands with his friends about town and transact some business matters.

Superintendent H. S. Youker was elected secretary of the Wisconsin State Teacher's association at the meeting of that organization on Tuesday.

Mrs. C. G. Hanover and A. U. Marvin of Nekeosa and Mrs. A. E. Gurdy of Port Edwards were the guests of Miss Helen Kromer on Saturday.

The private car of the officers of the W. C. line lay in this city between trains on Monday, the officers being here to look after the company's interests.

Sam Moberg and Martin Hanson, who are employed by the St. Paul company in Iowa building bridges, were home to spend Christmas with relatives.

Misses Lily Altz and Bessie Cole of Chicago and Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Schmale of Wausau were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. N. H. Robinson over Christmas.

Superintendent H. S. Youker and Misses Anna McMillan and Kate McKercher are in Milwaukee this week attending the state meet of teachers in that city.

Emmett and John Carey of West Superior were in the city over Christmas, the guests of their father, D. E. Carey. They returned to their work the same day.

D. J. and Jos. Z. Arpin left on Saturday for Bruce on business. D. J. Arpin continued on his way to Pigeon River after spending a few days at Bruce.

Miss Mary Wright of Tower City, Iowa, who has been the guest of her brother, E. M. Wright, of the west side for the past month, left for her home on Friday.

Hot chocolate with whipped cream. Cream Bouillon. Tomato Bouillon. Beef Bouillon. Grape Kola (hot) all delicious on a cold day 5c a cup at Otto's Pharmacy.

Worth S. Bardwell, junior member of the law firm of Corrigan, Johnson & Bardwell of Plainfield, is expected in the city today to spend New Year day among friends.

Adolph Reimer, who was employed at Arthur Sickle's Tonsorial parlors for some time, has opened a shop of his own near Spafford's store, where he will be pleased to meet his friends.

Orson Cochran visited Nekeosa Monday of this week to do piano tuning. He responds promptly to calls from all parts of the county and can be reached by telephone at any time.

Wm. W. Cochran arrived home last week, Wednesday, for his holiday vacation from the school for the blind. He expects to graduate next year from the high school course in that institution.

W. R. Cawrie and Henry Hamilton of the engineering department C. M. & St. P. R.R. were in town Saturday, renewing property leases and looking after the local interests of the company.

Mrs. George Fisher of Waupaca is visiting at the home of her son-in-law, I. Zimmermann, over the holidays. She is accompanied by the children of Henry Fisher at whose home she is staying.

Thomas Gibson, land man for the Wisconsin Central railroad company returned to this city on Monday to complete the buying of lands here which he has lately been taking options on.

A large sleigh load of young people from Nekeosa and a number from here surprised Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brosowitz at their home in Sigel on last Thursday evening. They all report a merry time.

Miss Gusta Stolp leaves on Thursday for Detroit, Mich., where she expects to make her future home. She accompanied her uncle, Fred Stolp, who has been here visiting his brother for a couple of weeks.

Wausau Herald—Mrs. H. Martini visited with her daughter, Mrs. Peter Cooney, in Grand Rapids from Saturday until Monday evening. She brought little Dannie Cooney home with her for a two weeks' visit.

Sheriff James McLaughlin has removed to the Nate Anderson residence on the east side in order to make room for his successor in office, who takes charge of affairs on the first Monday in January, being the 5th of the month.

W. H. Fitch of Cranmoor is in the city today to meet the executive committee and make the final arrangements for the annual meeting of the Wis. state cranberry growers association which occurs on the 13th of January.

Mrs. Isabelle McMillan has been confined to her room the greater part of the past week as the result of a fall which she recently sustained. The old lady has reached her 89th year but is ordinarily in good health and quite spry.

George Corvieu came down from Glidden on Wednesday to spend Christmas with his family in this city. The country air seems to agree with George wonderfully and there is already a marked improvement in his appearance since he went north.

Nate Binger, who has charge of the large farm of Rev. Bittner in the town of Seneca, was a pleasant caller at the Tribune office on Saturday. Mr. Binger reports a good yield of crops last summer, and that he has about eighty head of stock to look after.

F. B. Warner, who has been with the Heineman Mercantile Co. during the past year, has tendered his resignation, same to take effect on the first of January. It is understood that Mr. Warner will remain in the city, however, which will be good news to his many friends.

A very pleasant party was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Nash on Christmas night, a number of invited guests being present. Dancing and other amusements were indulged in. Those present were Mrs. W. A. Scott of Madison, Mrs. Phillo, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Thomas of Nekeosa, A. E. Gurdy of Port Edwards, F. J. Wood, G. W. Paulus, Leopold Lroll, I. P. Witter, Misses McCutcheon of Thrope, Phillo, Garrison, Kelley, deNevers, Messrs. Garrison of Thrope, Whitney, Rob Nash, Morse and Walter Wood.

It is announced that six dollars a year is the amount of the special tax which is to be charged to dealers dispensing soda water drinks in the connection of which spirituous liquors are used. After January 1, all who sell such beverages as Claret soda and other drinks which contain distilled spirits will be placed under special tax rate of retail liquor dealers. The order, which will effect local dealers, has been issued from the Internal Revenue department and collection of the tax will be made early in the year. This is the first time a tax has been required of soda dealers, although the matter has been up before and two years ago the treasury department ruled against a tax.

Neillsville Times—The burglars captured in Chicago and turned over to Clark county authorities for looting the Greenwood state bank had their preliminary examination late last week before court commissioner R. F. Kountz, at the circuit court room at the court house. They were ably defended by attorneys, and the examination took about two days. Enough evidence being brought out to warrant it, Commissioner Kountz bound them over for trial, under \$5,000 bonds each. This they were unable to give, of course, and will be with and abide at the sheriff's hostility until some disposition is made of them.

Building Stones 60 Feet Long. The building with the largest stones in the world is not Egypt, but at Baalbek, in Syria. The stones are sixty feet long and twenty feet square.

Dried Potatoes. "Dried Potatoes" is the name of a new product evolved by the South Carolina agricultural experiment station. The potatoes are boiled, peeled and evaporated in a canner, and will remain in perfect condition for years. The preserved potato becomes fit for eating after being soaked in warm water for an hour. Like many other new ideas this promises to be a big thing and its development may have a great effect on the potato fields of many states.

The Charlestown News and Courier, in speaking of the prospects says: "It insures to the farmer the perfect preservation of one of his most prolific and most important general food crops, at the same time fitting it for safe and economical shipment to distant markets heretofore closed to it, and effects these ends by a mode so simple and cheap that it can be employed on any farm. When it is noted that in one case stated in the table an acre of land yielded 357 bushels of raw potatoes which in turn yielded 105 bushels of the dried product, the possibilities of the process in the way of developing the culture of the vegetable in the south and introducing it to the world's commerce and comfort begin to appear in truly vast proportions.—Waupaca Post.

Portage Democrat—W. G. Walling, an actor, who was compelled to give up his position with J. C. Louis "Si Plunkard" company at Baraboo a week ago, died at the Warren house of pneumonia. He was thirty-five years of age and said he had no friends or relatives. He belonged to an Elks lodge in Connecticut and was cared for by the Baraboo lodge.

The Plunkard company arrived in Portage Tuesday morning from Fond du Lac and put on the play at the opera house in the evening.

A. J. Snell wanted to attend a party, but was afraid to do so on account of pains in his stomach, which he feared would grow worse, he says. "I was telling my troubles to a lady friend, who said: 'Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy will put you in condition for the party.' I bought a bottle and take pleasure in stating that two doses cured me and enabled me to have a good time to the party." Mr. Snell is a resident of Summer Hill, N. Y. This remedy is for sale by Johnson Hill & Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

From an Auctioneer.

Col. C. H. McDonald of Greenview, Ills., in a letter May 1st, 1901, says, "I am an auctioneer and being often troubled by my throat becoming irritated and hoarseness following. When troubled in this way, I always use Hart's Honey and Horehound. It is the only remedy that has ever done me any good and it positively cures. Sold by Sam Church druggist."

YOU HAVE OUR THANKS

Our trade during the past year has been a large one, much larger than we expected, so that we are greatly pleased with our success, and we take this occasion to thank our numerous customers who have contributed their share toward this business.

During the coming year of 1903 we shall attempt to continue in your good graces and merit your patronage by continuing to keep one of the best stocks of Groceries, Glassware, Crockery, Flour and Feed to be found in this section, and we hope you will appreciate our efforts in your behalf. We wish you all a Happy and Prosperous New Year.

Wm. Gross & Co.

CENTRALIA HARDWARE COMPANY

—DEALERS IN—

SLEIGHS and CUTTERS

.....

Heating and Cook Stoves; the kind that save wood, the kind you want.

Just received a carload of the latest designs in sleighs and cutters which as usual will be sold at a very close margin. Hand sleighs, Boys, and Girls' Skates, Ladies' and Gents' Skates, a full line of goods of this character.

Centralia Hardware Company,

WEST SIDE, - - GRAND RAPIDS.

WISSMER & PASSER,

—Manufacturers of—

HAVANA and DOMESTIC CIGARS.

5c—Bell Rose and Cuban Specials. 10c—El Puerto.

In our retail department may be found a full supply of Tobaccos and Cigars. Pipes and Smokers' Supplies. Patronage solicited.

WEST SIDE. - - GROSS' OLD STAND.

VICTORIA, DEWEY, SUNBEAM

A WISE WOMAN

Knows that one of the first requisites in making good bread is to have first-class flour, and she will generally have it if it is obtainable.

A WISE MAN

Will always see to it that his wife has good flour and to make sure of the matter he will order VICTORIA, DEWEY or SUNBEAM.

GRAND RAPIDS MILLING CO.

North-Western Rates.

Very low rates to National Live Stock Convention, Kansas City, Mo., via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold January 12 and 13, with extreme return limit by extension until January 31, inclusive. Extension rates to State Dairymen's Convention at Champaign, Ill., via the North-Western Line. Excursion tickets will be sold at reduced rates January 6 and 7, limited to return until January 9, 1905, inclusive.

Saved at Grave's Brink.

"I know I would long ago have been in my grave," writes Mrs. S. H. Newson, of Decatur, Ala. "If it had not been Electric Bitters. For three years I suffered untold agony from the worst forms of Indigestion, Waterbrash, Stomach and Bowel Dyspepsia. But this excellent medicine did a world of good. Since using it I can eat heartily and have gained 35 pounds." For Indigestion, Loss of Appetite, Stomach, Liver and Kidney troubles Electric Bitters are a positive, guaranteed cure. Only 50c at John E. Daly's drug store.

WISCONSIN CENTRAL LINES.

South Bound		North Bound	
Marshallfield	Ar.	St. Paul	Ar.
Ar.	7:20	Ar.	7:20
Vesper	8:40	St. Paul	8:40
Grand Rapids	9:40	St. Paul	9:40
Port Edwards	10:40	St. Paul	10:40
Nekoosa	11:40	St. Paul	11:40
Minnepolis		Minnepolis	
St. Paul	7:20	St. Paul	7:20
St. Paul	8:40	St. Paul	8:40
Chippewa Falls	9:40	St. Paul	9:40
Marshallfield	10:40	St. Paul	10:40
Grand Rapids	11:40	St. Paul	11:40
Ashland		Ashland	
Ar.	7:20	Ar.	7:20
Duluth	8:40	Ar.	8:40

Tickets sold and baggage checked at all principal points in the United States and Canada. For rates and other information apply at the ticket office.

NORTHWESTERN LINE.

South Bound		North Bound	
Chicago	Ar.	Chicago	Ar.
Ar.	7:20	Ar.	7:20
Wild Rose	8:40	Chicago	8:40
Almond	9:40	Chicago	9:40
Bancroft	10:40	Chicago	10:40
Kelner	11:40	Chicago	11:40
Grand Rapids	12:40	Chicago	12:40
Vesper	1:40	Chicago	1:40
Ar.	2:40	Chicago	2:40
Marshallfield	3:40	Chicago	3:40

All trains daily except Sunday.

J. C. WILLARD, Agent.

C. M. & St. P. R.

Trains North		Trains South	
No. 3 Pass.	Ar.	No. 2 Pass.	Ar.
Ar.	7:20	Ar.	7:20
No. 2 Pass.	8:40	No. 3 Pass.	8:40
No. 2 Pass.	9:40	No. 3 Pass.	9:40
No. 2 Pass.	10:40	No. 3 Pass.	10:40
No. 2 Pass.	11:40	No. 3 Pass.	11:40
No. 2 Pass.	12:40	No. 3 Pass.	12:40

All Passenger trains make close connections at New Lisbon east and west.

L. M. SCHULTZ, Agent.

G. B. & W. R. R. Co.

No. 1 Passenger going West		No. 2 Passenger going East	
Ar.	Ar.	Ar.	Ar.
Ar.	7:20	Ar.	7:20
Ar.	8:40	Ar.	8:40
Ar.	9:40	Ar.	9:40
Ar.	10:40	Ar.	10:40
Ar.	11:40	Ar.	11:40
Ar.	12:40	Ar.	12:40

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V. W. MILLER, Agent.

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HORSES AND HORSEMEN.

Expedition, 2:55, has ten new performers, all trotters. The two minute list now consists of Star Pointer, Dan Patch and Prince Albert. James A. Murphy has purchased Dusty Wilkes, 2:15, from M. D. Avery of Toledo, O. A contract has been awarded for the construction of a \$50,000 speedway in the new Potomac park, Washington. The pacing gelding Henry Titer, by Emperor Wilkes, won ten out of eleven races on the Maine tracks this season. Twinkle, 2:05, hit her knee in the Tennessee stakes at Lexington, which she won, and has been retired for the season. Scott Hudson's candidate for the green trotting class next year will be Jay McGregor, a stallion by Jaw Hawker which has been a mile in 2:09. Major Delmar is only five years old, is absolutely sound and stands a good show of becoming the champion trotter of the world with another season's training. The old "king maker," Monroe Salisbury, now that he has seen Monte Carlo beaten only half a length in 2:05, will enter him down the big line next year in the 2:10 classes.

THE FASHIONS.

The princess shape will be much used for evening gowns and day costumes this winter. Marquise, Louis XVI, Devonshire and Gainsborough hats all reappear among styles in high priced French millinery. The tendency toward the use of gimp, galloon and passementerie applique effects in various widths is becoming more and more prevalent. Louis XV. coats are among the most attractive models in vogue. They are much longer than the Louis Seize models, with peplum additions below the waist. Jourdain, toulain and vert russe are among the handsome shades in green used by Paris tailors and dressmakers in making up costumes and wraps of cloth and velvet. Sable, seal, chinchilla and Persian lamb have the usual lead in fur wraps this season, with the less expensive grades and various imitations like wool, astrakhan, atlas seal, etc., following in their train. A tailor gown of very fine black cloth is always good form and never inappropriate. Although not always the most becoming gown women of certain type might select, it is yet invariably refined and ladylike.—New York Post.

SHORT STORIES.

American brewers have already invested \$4,000,000 in and about Havana. There are about 114,500 telegraph offices now open in the whole world. Tennessee's world's fair exhibit may be transported all the way to St. Louis by water, just to show the people of the world that river navigation is open clear to Chattanooga. With Filipino women it is the custom to starch everything white, and a nurse who has recently returned from Manila describes the first sheets laundered for the hospital as "fearful and wonderful." In the stomach of a cow butchered near Montrose, Pa., a good sized pocketbook with a brass clasp was found. The pocketbook contained a roll of bills and 45 cents in change. A shingle nail and a hairpin were also found. The latest landmark of ancient Boston to go is the old Hancock tavern, one of the connecting links between the colonial period and the Boston of today. In its palmy days this hostelry had a national reputation and was the one place selected by the ben vivants of earlier days during a stay in Boston.

DENTAL DON'TS.

Don't go to bed without brushing the teeth. Don't swallow food without mastication. Modern cookery, by making mastication almost unnecessary, is responsible for much decay of the teeth. Don't let tartar accumulate on the teeth, for it brings a whole train of evils in its wake. Have it removed by a dentist at least twice a year. Don't fail to rinse the teeth thoroughly with an alkaline wash (dismewater is good) after taking acids, such as lemon juice, vinegar or strong medicines. Don't use a tooth powder which contains gritty, acid or irritating substances, as the first two act injuriously on the teeth and the last on the gums. Don't sleep with the mouth open. Dust and gritty particles floating in the atmosphere entering the trap thus set for them injure the enamel of the teeth by irritation. Don't use one side of the mouth only when eating, for then the teeth have not all the same amount of exercise, and decay sets in more rapidly on one side than the other.

UP TO DATE PROVERBS.

Don't cry over spilled milk; be glad it isn't cream. People who do not plan their future generally never have any. If there is anything more conducive to success than push, it is "pull." It is a great deal easier to be a good critic than to be even a passable performer. Credit is a convenient garment, but it is liable to become a little too tight for free movement. It is a pretty illiterate man that does not have decided opinions on religion and politics.—New York American.

COUGHS AND COLDS IN CHILDREN.

Recommended by a Well Known Chicago Physician. I use and prescribe Chamberlain's Cough Remedy for almost all obstinate, contracted coughs, with direct results. I prescribe it to children of all ages. Am glad to recommend it to all in need and seeking relief from colds and coughs and bronchial affections. It is non-narcotic and safe in the hands of the most unprofessional. A universal panacea for all mankind.—Mrs. Mary R. Melendy, M. D., Ph. D., Chicago, Ill. This remedy is for sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

H. Simon of Baraboo wants the state to keep rabbits away from his apple trees or pay him for the damage they do. In a letter of complaint to State Game Warden Henry Overbeck, Jr., he says: "You, as the man that looks after the persons that violate the game laws, now as I look at it the game belongs to the state and the state protects them. Now, as you know, rabbits will destroy apple trees, and they do their work at night, and are in their burrows day time, sleeping in peace because they have government protection. First, we are all required to have a license and then cannot hunt with a ferret. Now, if the state is so kind to bunnies and he belongs to it, I should think it would be so kind and keep him from my apple trees or pay damage."

Office Calendars.

A very serviceable calendar has been issued by the Chicago & North-Western R.R. for the year 1905. The figures are large and easily distinguished, the days of the months and the consecutive days of the year are both shown, and the publication is of that solid and creditable sort which makes it desirable for business men and manufacturers. Send four cents in postage to W. T. Kiskern, Passenger Traffic Manager, 22 Fifth Avenue, Chicago.

To Get Rid of a Troublesome Corn.

First soak it in warm water to soften it, then put it down closely as possible without drawing blood, and apply Chamberlain's Pain Balm twice daily, rubbing vigorously for five minutes at each application. A corn blaster should be worn to protect it from the shoe. As a general liniment for sprains, bruises, lameness and rheumatism, Pain Balm is unequaled. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood Co. Drug Co.

F. E. Kennebec, a brakeman 25 years old and single, was instantly killed shortly after midnight Sunday morning while trying to board a Wisconsin Central freight train at New Richmond. It is supposed that he fell between the cars and the depot platform. His neck was broken and his body was terribly bruised. The remains were taken to his home at Stevens Point by his brother, who is a conductor on the same road.

Painless Dentistry.

Does not equal a painless laxative. Mr. C. L. Hizer, of Lincoln, Ill., says: "I have been a sufferer from constipation for the past twelve years, with severe griping pains in my bowels nearly every day. Since I began taking Re-Go Tonic Laxative Syrup my bowels have moved freely without griping. It is certainly a wonderful laxative. Sold by Sam Church, druggist."

Mary Heereck of Marinette disappeared from her home on Sunday and nothing has since been heard of her. The girl is 13 years old and no cause can be given for her disappearance.

Nearly all the pulp mills of the Fox River valley are short of spruce wood, though all have plenty of hemlock and other pulp material on hand. The Riverside mill of Appleton is so greatly in need of spruce that it has sent a crew of men to the docks of the Pulp Wood Company at Long Tail Point, near Green Bay, to cut out of the ice 250 cords of spruce from the 500 cords left in the booms there over the winter because cars could not be got to haul the wood.

Only One Key That Fits

We have found that nearly all the general medicines that are popular seek first to promote appetite and help digestion, then to apply needed elements which almost all ailing people require. Probably iron is the most important of these needed elements, yet it is very hard to give iron so it will do any good.

There are thousands of keys in the world—only one or two unlock your door. So we know of only one or two combinations of iron that seem to do the work. By far the most generally useful prescription we know of is Vinol. We mention this by name, because we know what it is made of, how it is made, and how wonderfully helpful it has been in numerous cases in this very town.

Vinol contains the medicinal qualities of cod liver oil, iron—that can be digested, and a little table wine. It is pleasant to take, and we have so much faith in it that we will sell a bottle to anyone suffering from loss of appetite, a run-down condition, tendency to colds, or to weak women and pale children, etc., and cheerfully give you the money back if it does not help you.

For Sale by J. E. DALY

WISDOM OF THE WIDOW.

Views of a Man Who Does Not Agree With Tony Weller.

The man who marries a girl just out of school has need of much shrewdness, tact and fortitude, for the first year of matrimony will produce a violent revolution in her mind. As she learns to know her husband—she who has never seen him except when he had his best coat on—she will deem him a brute and will be disappointed and disgusted, for he will compare him with that impossible ideal of manhood which every girl has in her mind and of which he, of course, falls short. But with experience will come wisdom. In time she will understand that her girlhood's ideal, if she were to have him in the flesh, would be an unbearable prig, and that her husband is about as good as men go and even—if she loves him—a little better than the next man.

A widow has all this knowledge of men and of the world, which a spinster lacks. A man talks to a widow freely as to one who has found him out. She is expert in the arts of pleasing him, and if a bright young widow sets her cap for a man he can escape her only by flight. A widow has no illusions and no ideals. She is well trained and used to going double, while the spinster is an unbroken filly and is bound to kick up a good deal when she first feels a tug at the snaffle.—San Francisco Bulletin.

Fashionable Life In Italy.

The fashionable season in Italy, says Luigi Villari in "Italian Life In Town and Country," is from Christmas to Easter, the time generally known as the carnival. At Naples, Messina and some other places there is also a summer season. Commenting on the peculiarities of life among the upper classes, Mr. Villari says:

"Italians, even in the grandest establishments, do not wear evening dress for dinner unless there is a party. A black coat is enough for ordinary purposes. A few men who wish to be particularly fashionable wear a smoking coat with a black tie, which garment is sufficient for all save very large dinner parties and balls. On the other hand, there are occasions when a man does his dress clothes by day. It is de rigueur at court functions, even in mornings, and at weddings. Ladies wear hats at the theaters except on gala nights. They display more jewelry by day than English ladies. The Italian aristocracy have magnificent jewels, and even in quite small towns, where there is no great wealth, the old families can make a fine display. The tall hat is only necessary at marriages, funerals and at court. Young men of fashion wear it also when paying calls during the season. Among the bourgeoisie evening clothes are hardly ever worn at all."

Two Clever Statesmen.

One crisis in Lord Palmerston's life illustrates the absolute good humor which may prevail even when political enmity is at its worst. Lord Derby had made an attack upon him in the upper house with such energy and eloquence that the odds against him seemed overwhelming. But he defended himself and his policy from the dusk of one day to the dawn of another with such tact, dexterity and force of appeal to the national sense of honor that he was acquitted of all blame by a majority of four scores.

Next day in passing through the corridor leading from an anteroom to the upper house one swing door opened to his hand and at the same moment the other to that of Lord Derby. They were opponents, but they were also manly and sweet natured men. They smiled.

"I was just thinking," said Palmerston, "what a clever fellow he was who so nearly put me in a hole."

"Ah," was the rejoinder, "but nothing like the cleverness of the fellow who got you out of it."

A Touch of Sarcasm.

Mr. Skifflet (on receiving a deputation from his employees)—Well, what's the matter now?

Clerk (spokesman)—We want to be paid every week instead of every month.

"Tight. You get all that's due to you, don't you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And promptly to a day?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then why do you want to be paid weekly instead of monthly?"

"Please, sir, it's so we won't be getting the lumbago carryin' home our wages."—London Answers.

To Market on Stilts.

An interesting and picturesque custom in southwestern France is that of going to market on stilts. Groups of young men and women mounted on high stilts may be seen daily crossing the marshy plains known as "the Landes." "The Landes" are cut up into small ditches, pools and hummocks, and stilts are in consequence almost necessary to those who desire to traverse them.

His Insomnia Completely Cured.

"They tell me you have cured yourself of chronic insomnia."

"Yes, I'm completely cured."

"It must be a great relief."

"Relief! I should say it was! Why, I lie awake half the night thinking how I used to suffer from it."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Our Aristocracy.

"She claims, I believe, to be descended from a king."

"Yes. Before her grandfather struck it rich he was known as the poker king of White Horse Flats."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Granite is the only common rock which shows no traces of animal or vegetable life.

PIERRE'S BLACK CAT

By Florence Goodfellow

Copyright, 1901, by Florence Goodfellow

Pierre Latroux's mouselike eyes snapped and sparkled like two jet beads as he listened to the plan Levi Arnold unfolded.

"Mon Dieu!" he exclaimed. "'Tis too good a chance to let slip. You are sure," he added cautiously, "that the scheme is all right so far?"

"Come to my place this evening, and I will give you the diamonds, safe and sound. If they reach my client's hands in New York within a month's time, you will get your reward in gold—500 francs."

"Good! I'll manage it somehow. Just trust me."

"Without a doubt you've done smuggling before."

Pierre looked up sharply.

"There is no trickery in this, monsieur? If I thought there was, rest assured you would not live to see your plans either succeed or fail."

And he drew his hands across his throat with an expression so

DOWN the TOBOGGAN SLIDE

By Charles Wilstead

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"Father will have a cold drive from town tonight against that awful wind," remarked Mrs. Muir as she drew her hair up to the old fashioned fireplace between her son and daughter. "Hope it won't come by the new road. The cover the ravine isn't just in shape yet."

"Yes! There are sleigh bells," insisted George.

"Is not father," volunteered Mary.

"I took the old harness with the sleigh bells," said George, winking at his mother; "those bells belong to Fred Carson, and you know it. Who is riding in the race now, sis—Ed Simpson or Fred?"

"Mother, make him behave," pleaded the girl.

"Oh, George, don't be such a tease! Open the door and help Fred put the horse up."

"Well, I am betting two to one on Simpson, Mary. He is a poor starter, but he'll finish strong," laughed the young man as he reached for his hat.

"If Mary heard, she made no reply. In a moment he returned. "Sis," he shouted, "Fred has the colt hitched up to his new cutter, and he wants to know if you will go over to Thompson's."

"As far as Thompson's," answered Mary. "It is too windy and cold. Fred has plenty of wraps to give down toward the village home with father."

"The people were soon speeding along the road. Near the ravine they passed Ed Simpson, dragging a toboggan and was passionately fond of it. He generally went to the toboggan when Fred Watson was at Muir home. Mary had a toboggan and would have as much pleasure.

"Simpson and Ed Simpson, according to village gossip, were both very fond of the toboggan. Mary, upon Fred Simpson, was more the friend of the lover of Mary. He was up to Maryville from the city years before to start a small commission store and was well liked by the farmers of the community. Fred was the son of rich Farmer Watson and did little else than drive a good horse.

"Timid little Mary, if she had any preference, hid it successfully. And when men had vowed to have a definite answer soon.

"Going to the hills on a blowy night like this?" called Mary as they passed Simpson.

"Yes," came the good natured reply. "It takes worse weather than this to spoil sport for me."

The cutter sped on, and Ed plodded heavily along the road, deep in thought.

Suddenly the jingle of bells ahead stopped. Looking up, Ed saw that the one was struggling to jump out of the cutter. It was a girl's figure. Instinctively Simpson rushed forward, rigging the toboggan behind him. As she came nearer he heard her gasp:

"Please—go. Drive like mad by the old road, and I will wait here and call my father should he come from the outside."

"No, Mary," answered Watson. "I will not go and leave you here."

"What's up?" cried Ed, hurrying to the side of the cutter.

"Oh, Mr. Simpson, the new bridge is given way in the center. Therefore, it has carried away the lights on the other end. If father should come this way, he would drive straight to death. Mr. Watson, please hurry! Oh, yes!"

"Miss Mary," interrupted Ed. "let me say here, and you drive round with Mr. Watson. 'Tis too cold for you to and here."

"No, no! I would only be an added burden for the horse. Oh, why don't you drive on, Mr. Watson?"

"There is the light of a rig down at the second bend," cried Ed excitedly, pointing across the ravine. Then, without another word, he seized the toboggan and rushed for the edge of the hill. Watson, realizing that time was precious, whipped up his horse and made for the old road around the ravine. The distance was fully two miles, but the rig on the other side was fully half a mile from the bridge, coming slowly, he might make it.

"You are too late, Watson," yelled Simpson. "Stay here with Mary. I will go down the ravine."

Watson was out of hearing, but Mary Muir took in the situation at a glance.

"Mr. Simpson," she called, running after him, "you must not! See! The track has fallen right across the foot of the slide, and you will rush to your death. Please don't go that way."

"I must. There is a slight opening here to the right, and I can make it in a moment. Besides, it's your father or me, and I can take the chance."

"He hesitated a second, then spoke hurriedly—"Watson will never catch up in time, but I will catch him at the foot of the first turn if all is well."

"Can't we call?" she asked appealingly.

"No. The wind is too strong from that direction."

"Then I am going with you, Ed!"

"Ed! She had never called him that before!"

"Marry, dear, it might mean your death. You must not come."

She laid her hand on his arm. "I am going. You can steer better with two

on board. And, Ed, I know you will be more careful if I am with you."

Very gently and without further parley he placed her on the toboggan in front of him, then pushed the sled to the brink of the steep decline.

"Hold fast, little one," he said, "and before we leave"—He stooped over her and, raising her white face, kissed it tenderly. And then—they were off.

Like an arrow shot from the bow they sped over the snowy surface down to the bottom. Along the level they dashed for a few furlongs, straight through the only opening in the wreckage of the bridge, then over the icy surface of the creek, on, on up the hill to the first turn of the road, then—crash!

Ed was dazed even as he scrambled to his feet.

"Hi, there!" called a voice. "Sure as shooting, you've killed that girl!"

A sturdy, heavy set man tumbled out of a rig and came running down the hill.

"You idiot, you ought to be jailed for this!" sputtered the old fellow in great excitement. But Ed heard not a word. He had Mary in his arms when the infuriated farmer seized him by the shoulder.

"She is killed, you young idiot, and I'll see that you hang for it! Give her to me, sir! Whose daughter is she, sir?" Then, as Simpson, recognizing the voice, turned about the old fellow exclaimed in surprise: "If it ain't you, Simpson, I'll be blamed! I always knew you for a venturesome idiot! And—my God—my Mary!"

"Hush, father, I am not hurt; not even a bit frightened. And please, father, don't abuse Ed that way. You would be thanking him if you knew what he risked for me—I mean for you."

Then, catching sight of Simpson's face, cut and bleeding, womanlike she turned from the embrace of her parent, threw her arms about her lover's neck and burst into tears.

"No, sir, he is not a young fool," said Mr. Muir emphatically as he drove home with Fred Watson, having turned his own rig over to the young couple. "Confound it, sir, he is a man in a thousand, and I am as good a judge of men as Mary, sir!"

Sensitive Gems.

The discoloration of precious stones when they have been exposed to the air for a long time is considered one of the most frequent maladies. Emeralds, rubies and sapphires are those which remain intact best. Nevertheless, they are not exempt from changes. Two rubies of the same size and shade were kept for two years—one in a showcase and the other away from all light. At the end of this term a comparison revealed that the first had become somewhat lighter in color.

The influence of light makes itself felt more plainly on topazes and garnets. The garnet turns much paler in a short time, while the topaz assumes a darker shade and even loses the brilliancy possessed by it when freshly cut.

The most sensitive stone in this respect is the opal. This stone draws its marvelous rainbow reflections from numerous little clefts, which allow the light to pass, and reflect it in different directions. Often the opal stands the manipulations of cutting and polishing well, and all of a sudden it splits.

Pearls deteriorate very easily. In the fire they are transformed into a piece of lime. Placed in contact with an acid they behave as lime or marble would under the same conditions.

Diamonds are less sensitive; still, it is not prudent to take them too near the fire.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

They Hang Out a Pincushion.

In some of the cities of Holland, such as Haarlem, the birth of a child is announced to the neighbors and all who chance to pass by the curious custom of hanging a pincushion outside the door. If you walk past a house and see a white pincushion edged with lace and looking very dainty, you may understand that the number of inhabitants has been increased by one, and that one a girl.

When the happy couple are blessed with a boy, the color of the pincushion is red.

In Japan the people do something similar, yet more extensive. Outside the houses of a town you will see one or more paper fishes dangling and blowing in the wind. On making inquiry you are informed that the paper fishes represent the boys of the household. Every new boy means another fish. These imitations of the koi are decorated with colored silk and are thought a great deal of.

The fish which the Japanese call koi is noted for its courage and tenacity, and is therefore regarded as a fitting representation of the coming man.

A Purse For the Bride.

Some brides may be inclined to regret that the old marriage custom of the dowry purse has fallen into disuse. It was the custom of the bridegroom to fill a purse with a goodly sum of money and present it to the bride on the wedding day as the price of the purchase of her person. It sounds like slavery, like the buying of goods and chattels, yet the bride had a nice little sum of money for her own use.

Some of the oldest inhabitants of Cumberland may remember a similar custom in that county. The bridegroom provided himself with a number of gold and silver pieces, and at the words "with all my worldly goods I thee endow" he handed the clergyman his fee and poured the other coins into a handkerchief held out for that purpose by the bride.

In other places, again, the bride had the right to ask her husband for a gift of money or property on the day after the wedding, and he was bound in honor to grant the request.—London Answers.

Friday Is the Minister's Day For Performing This Task.

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"When Christianity was first promulgated, all preaching was done extemporaneously. Such a thing as preparing a sermon was unknown. Many gifted men expressed their views on various subjects, then added a few words of good advice to their listeners. This practice is still continued in the Roman Catholic church of the present day, and I think that a very limited number of the priests ever write a sermon. Not all ministers, however, adhere to this rule by any means. When Henry Ward Beecher was asked on what day he prepared his sermon, he replied, 'On Sunday morning, of course.'"

"Well, Mr. Beecher, don't you think that is a rather dilatory habit for you to get into?" asked another.

"Oh, no, not at all," replied Mr. Beecher in his quick way. "You see, I look at a sermon like some on a pancake. They can be served hot or cold, and I like mine hot; that's all."

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Norway Hotel System.

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"Oh," he replied, "the play was all right, but I didn't see nearly all of it."

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Writing the Sermon.

Friday is the Minister's Day For Performing This Task.

Probably few of the good people who listen with rapt attention to the sermon which is preached to them each Sunday, says the Denver Post, know that for nearly 300 years Friday has been the time honored day for the pastor to go into his study, write the sermon which is to furnish "food for thought" to the congregation on the following Sunday. In speaking of this custom a clergyman says:

"When Christianity was first promulgated, all preaching was done extemporaneously. Such a thing as preparing a sermon was unknown. Many gifted men expressed their views on various subjects, then added a few words of good advice to their listeners. This practice is still continued in the Roman Catholic church of the present day, and I think that a very limited number of the priests ever write a sermon. Not all ministers, however, adhere to this rule by any means. When Henry Ward Beecher was asked on what day he prepared his sermon, he replied, 'On Sunday morning, of course.'"

"Well, Mr. Beecher, don't you think that is a rather dilatory habit for you to get into?" asked another.

"Oh, no, not at all," replied Mr. Beecher in his quick way. "You see, I look at a sermon like some on a pancake. They can be served hot or cold, and I like mine hot; that's all."

His Friend Geoffrey.

The following story, told by the Washington Post, leads us to wonder which to condemn first, the booster or his critics. It concerns a certain man who has a large collection of autographs.

Indeed, the envy and sometimes the skepticism of his friends have been excited by the number of successful authors who have set down familiar and flattering inscriptions in his books. Some carpers have even gone so far as to hint darkly at a similarity of handwriting throughout the collection. He recently purchased a rare edition of Chaucer, and one evening when a party was gathered at the house the precious book was passed from hand to hand. The owner lost sight of it, but the next morning he found it lying on his library table.

On the fly leaf was inscribed: "To Jack —, from his old friend and schoolmate, Geof. Chaucer."

Wit of Horne Tooke.

It is said that Horne Tooke, who excelled in that duellike controversy exhibited by two disputants when pitted against each other with only the breadth of a mahogany board between them, was exceedingly quick and sharp at retort. When he made his most deadly thrusts, it was with a smiling countenance and without seeming effort or emotion. Replying to a man who contended that only landowners should be allowed to vote at elections, he said, "Pray tell me how many acres does it take to make a viscount?" When asked by George III, whether he ever played cards, he replied, "I cannot, your majesty, tell a king from a knave." What can be more uniquely comic than his saying to his brother: "You and I, my dear brother, have inverted the laws of nature. You have risen in the world by your gravity, and I have fallen by my levity!"—Saturday Evening Post.

The World's Largest Crab.

How would you like to have a crab like this squeezing your toe when you go bathing? The gigantic Japanese crab, measuring twelve feet, is probably the largest crustacean in the world. The specimen is a type of the spider crab, which inhabits the waters of the group of islands forming the empire of Japan. The body portion is the size of a half bushel measure, while its two great arms or "feelers" could easily encircle the figure of a man. Its eight arms or legs resemble huge bamboo poles and are extremely elastic, and if strung into one line they would reach to the top of a four story apartment building. One of the extraordinary peculiarities of this crab is the faculty of assuming a disguise by affixing pieces of seaweed and sponges to the body.

Norway Hotel System.

There is a capital hotel system in vogue in certain parts of Norway. In villages where no hotel exists one of the more prominent inhabitants is subsidized by the Norwegian government and in return is bound to provide accommodation for not less than four travelers. He may take in four if he chooses, but four is the minimum. The accommodation and food supplied are excellent, and the charges are very moderate.

The Drop Curtain.

A youngster had been to the theater, and upon his return his uncle asked him how he liked the play.

"Oh," he replied, "the play was all right, but I didn't see nearly all of it."

"Why, how did that happen?" asked his uncle.

"Because," answered the youngster, "the roller must have been broke, for the window blind fell down two or three times!"—Chums.

A Fair Exchange.

Editor—See here, Mr. Dolan. You delivered me a load of hay for the six years' subscription you owed for my paper.

Mr. Dolan—Oh did.

Editor—Well, my horse won't eat that hay, 'b' gosh!

Mr. Dolan—Well, my goat won't eat your paper, 'b' gosh!—Pack.

The average man

NEKOUSA.

The following Grand Rapids people attended the party at Brooks' hall Christmas night: Messrs. Bert and Martin Bever, Roy Nash and Cleve Akey, and the Misses Celia McCarthy, Florette de Nevers, Rosa Wiperman and Mary and Lizzie Bever.

Frank Stahl of your city, who represents the Pabst Brewing Co., was in the city on Monday calling on his many customers. He was accompanied by the general agent, Mr. Miller of Stevens Point.

Andrew King, the insurance man, transacted business in the village on Monday. Mr. King expects to start a lodge of the National and Fraternal League in this village in the near future.

The remains of Wilbur Washburn, who died at Armenia of consumption, passed through this city on Saturday en route for Plainfield, where they were interred.

Chas. Kelly and family, who lived near here, departed last week over the Wisconsin Central for Idaho, where they will make their future home.

Louis Koehn returned on Monday from his visit at Kaukauna. He was accompanied by his father, who will accept a position in the pulp mill.

"Doc" Schultz, a former machine tender at the mill, who is now located in Minnesota, was in the city the first of the week visiting his friends.

Andy Oldfield left on Monday for Park Falls, where he has accepted a position in the new paper mill. He was accompanied by his son.

Edmund Kieberg and sister, Miss Esther, of Winchester are spending the holidays at the home of their brother, A. H. Kieberg.

Mr. Zivney of Junction City, who purchased the Marhefka Bros. store, arrived in the city on Monday and is now ready for business.

Fred T. Fredrickson, the able assistant in Mr. Thompson's shoe store, visited his relatives in Necedah over Christmas.

Mrs. O. Odell of Grand Rapids was in the city over Sunday to visit her brother, Amos Hayes, who has been so ill.

Mrs. Cleveland of Port Edwards and daughter, Retta, were the guests of Mrs. Herbert Lapham on Monday.

Miss Carrie Leach has been unable to attend to her duties in the Brazeau Mercantile store on account of illness.

Henry Cox and sister, Miss Maggie, of Menasha are visiting at the home of their sister, Mrs. F. X. Groede.

Wm. Kellogg of the firm of Kellogg Bros. Lumber company was a business visitor in the village on Monday.

R. M. Williams, our new photographer, was a business visitor in your city on Monday between trains.

Miss Ellen Dorothy of Columbus is a guest at the home of her sister, Mrs. F. S. Brazeau, over the holidays.

Revs. Bittner of Grand Rapids and Baese of Sigel were the guests of Rev. Selle the first of the week.

Miss Paulie Jackson of Sigel is visiting at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Steve Moleski for a short time.

A number of ladies have been busy the past few days cleaning the snow from the ice on the river.

Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Kieberg and guests drove to Grand Rapids and return on Saturday.

Merchant P. Huber and family spent Christmas with Mr. Huber's parents at Marshfield.

Miss Margaret Boyle spent Sunday with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Boyle of your city.

Elah Lapham, who is attending school at Madison, is spending his vacation at home.

Amos Hayes, who has been seriously ill with pneumonia, is now on the road to recovery.

Miss Lizzie Day has resigned her position in the general store of Mrs. J. Gutheil.

Mr. and Mrs. Will Collier spent Christmas with relatives in Grand Rapids.

Laura and George Whaley are the guests of their cousin, Miss Elsie Dupre.

Miss Alma Stadler of Wausau is visiting her friend, Miss Lillian Beppler.

Atty. H. C. Wiperman was in the village on Monday on legal business.

Otto Stewart is spending a week with relatives and friends at Neenah.

Miss Nellie Young is visiting her sister, Mrs. Dr. Simonson, at Tomah.

Frank Arnold of Milwaukee is visiting his mother, Mrs. Frank Arnold.

Miss Katharine Treat is spending her vacation at her home in Tomah.

Miss Lillian Wakeley is visiting her sister, Mrs. C. P. Thompson.

Chas. Reed and wife spent the holidays at Pittsville with relatives.

Elmer Wilson of Saxeville is a guest at the Clinton Leach home.

Mrs. L. Guthrie was on the sick list for several days last week.

The merchants all report a good holiday trade this year.

Mrs. Andrew Kaya is reported very sick at this writing.

John Jackson spent Christmas with his parents in Sigel.

Miss Katherine Galligan is visiting friends in the east.

Mrs. Will Beppler is visiting relatives at Wausau.

Mrs. Otto Kott is on the sick list this week.

A Million Voices.

Could hardly express the thanks of Homer Hall, of West Point, Ia. Listen why: A severe cold had settled on his lungs, causing a most obstinate cough. Several physicians said he had consumption, but could not help him. When all thought he was doomed he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption and writes—"It completely cured me and saved my life. I now weigh 227 lbs." It's positively guaranteed for Coughs, Colds and Lung troubles. Price 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottles free at John E. Daly's drug store.

Building Lots for Sale.

Forty building lots in first ward from \$75 to \$150. Also good 10 room dwelling and lot \$24.125.

E. I. PHILLO.

CRANMOOR.

"No news is good news" may not apply to editors of newspapers. The scribe has been unusually busy like many others this holiday season—hence our remissness the last two or three weeks for which we humbly ask pardon. Many things of interest have transpired in this time, among them the week's visit of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Griffith of Sleepy Eye, Minn., at the home of Mrs. Griffith's brother, A. E. Bennet.—The visit of several days at the Thos. Rezin home of their old time neighbor Mrs. Coulthart of Rudolph.—The return home of Daniel Rezin, jr., from the Pacific coast.—The early closing of the south school on account of illness in Miss Berard's family.—The coming home from town of the high school boys and Miss Kruger for the holiday vacation.—The shock we received at the news of Mr. Johnson's death. The attendance at the funeral of W. H. Fitch and S. N. Whittlesey and wife. We believe we voice the sentiment of every one on the marshes when we tender deep sympathy to Mrs. Johnson and family of Grand Rapids for their great bereavement.

Christmas day will be remembered by the little people of Cranmoor as it was appropriately observed by services and exercises at the school house under the direction of Miss Dorothy Fitch. A loaded tree and many good gifts were part of the program. Miss Fitch deserves credit for her untiring efforts for this little Sunday school. Father Kroll and Miss Berard came down on the noon train and spent the afternoon with them at the school house.

George Scott spent the early part of Christmas day with the grandchildren at this point and then went up to finish the day at Grand Rapids with his wife and son's family.

C. S. Whittlesey of Grand Rapids and Atty. H. E. Fitch of Nekoosa came down Wednesday night to spend Christmas with their home people.

C. E. Lester returned Tuesday morning from New York where he has been visiting the last five or six weeks.

The Pride of Heroes.

Many soldiers in the last war wrote to say that for Scratches, Bruises Cuts, Wounds, Corns, Sore Feet and Stiff Joints, Bucklen's Arnica Salve is the best in the world. Same for Burns, Scalds, Boils, Ulcers, Skin Eruptions and Piles. It cures or no pay. Only 25c at John E. Daly's drug store.

RUDOLPH.

Mr. and Mrs. T. Wershnum of Grand Rapids and Mr. and Mrs. Fisher of Biron spent Christmas with their parents, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Crotteau.

Mr. and Mrs. T. LaVaque returned Saturday evening from La Crosse where they spent Christmas with their sons.

Mrs. D. McCormick and little daughter, Mabel, of Fond du Lac were the guests of her sister, Mrs. Akey, last week.

Misses Anna Daly and Louise Later and Alex Jakowski of Grand Rapids spent Sunday at the Slattery home.

Mr. and Mrs. O. Somers, nee Nellie Akey, of Merrill are spending the holidays with relatives and friends.

Mrs. Nick Ratelle was the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Baker, during the holidays.

Mrs. Abbie Akey of Merrill is visiting with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Gokey, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. Dano of Mather were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Logan over Christmas.

Henry Beimler returned Saturday night from Brillion, where he spent Christmas.

Henry Wakely and Louis LeBreche spent Sunday the guests of the Morgan family.

Jack Keyzer made a trip to Merrill Saturday evening and returned Sunday night.

O. Roosen had his Christmas dinner with his sister and father in Tomah.

To cure a cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund the money if it fails to cure. E. W. Grove's signature is on each box. 25c.

SHERRY.

The Sherry Christian Endeavor society at their regular meeting Sunday evening elected the following officers for the ensuing six months: President, Griff. H. Humphrey; vice president, Jennie Whitney; secretary, Ethel Putney; treasurer, Mrs. G. H. Humphrey; organist, Hugh C. Jones.

The Sherry Presbyterian Sunday school elected the following officers last Sunday: Superintendent, Mrs. G. H. Humphrey; assistant, Wm. L. Chambers; secretary, Jennie Whitney; treasurer, Ethel Putney.

Rev. L. C. Smith of Waukesha, synodical home missionary, delivered very eloquent discourses here Sunday morning and evening.

The Christmas tree entertainment given by the Sunday school proved quite successful and the children were made glad.

Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Humphrey are spending their holidays at Ixonia, their former home.

Tax paying time is at hand and Treasurer Leroux will do the collecting as usual.

Ye scribe wishes to all readers of the Tribune a happy and prosperous new year.

John Lovnsberry and wife are visiting relatives as Pipersville during the holidays.

Mrs. Barbara Beyer of Grand Rapids spent Monday visiting relatives here.

John H. White of Marshfield transacted business in his line here lately.

A Card.

We, the undersigned, do hereby agree to refund the money on a 50-cent Bottle of Greene's Warranted Syrup of Tar if it fails to cure your cough or cold. We also guarantee a 25-cent bottle to prove satisfactory or money refunded.

J. E. DALY.

JOHNSON & HILL CO.

VESPER.

Miss Mary H. Ladick and Walter Treutel of Vesper were married at Grand Rapids on Monday Dec. 29th. The wedding party returning on the 2 P. M. train were driven to the home of the bride's parents where a sumptuous wedding dinner awaited them. The wedding was attended by a large number of invited guests who presented Mr. and Mrs. Truetel with a large number of beautiful and useful presents. The guests from out of town were: Mr. and Mrs. Will Raymond, Mr. and Mrs. Moberg, John Wousuw, and Miss Mary Krites. The ball room was opened and "Varetto's Orchestra" played the grand march led by H. O. Cole and Miss Anna Ladick they being bride's groom and bride's maid. The bride was born in this vicinity and is well and favorably known. Mr. Truetel came here two years ago from Waukesha and was employed in the Mercantile business, being one of the firm of Truetel Bros.

Should all the signs prove true the wedding bells will be chiming again in Vesper. There are sweetly chiming church bells ringing out in wide alarm, but the bells we love in Vesper are the wedding bells on the farm.

M. W. A. and R. N. A. camps will hold a joint installation of officers on Saturday January 3rd, and after the ceremony an oyster supper will be served to the woodmen and their ladies.

Miss Beanie O'Brien who is attending the High school in Grand Rapids spent Xmas vacation with her sister, Mrs. P. J. Flanagan.

John Randel left for Ripon to spend New Years with friends and relatives.

Mrs. Fredricks brother from Sheboygan Falls is spending the holidays here.

Mrs. Iehl of Alma Center visited with friends in Vesper last week.

Lleanor Hessler spent Xmas in Grand Rapids.

Mr. and Mrs. Merrill returned from Racine on Tuesday.

A New Remedy.

The old friends of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy will be pleased to know that the manufacturers of that preparation have gotten out a new remedy called Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, and that it is meeting with success in the treatment of constipation, biliousness, sick headache, impaired digestion and like disorders. These Tablets are easier to take and pleasant in effect than pills, then they not only move the bowels, but improve the appetite and correct any disorders of the stomach and liver. For sale by Johnson & Hill Co. and Wood County Drug Co.

BRIEF STATE NEWS.

State Superintendent L. D. Harvey's biennial report shows that there are now in the state 754,699 children between the ages of 7 and 20, which is an increase of 20,699 over 1899 and 1900, and the increase in the number between the ages of 7 and 14 who attend school for twelve weeks or more is 14,064, the total now being 285,764. The average wages of male teachers has increased from \$45.75 in 1885 to \$50.93 in 1902. The average in 1901 was \$47.99. Female teachers now receive an average wage of \$33.10, as compared with \$28.20 in 1885 and \$32.67 in 1901.

A dispatch from Marshfield says that Joseph Pankratz, a farmer aged 50 years, was struck by the Yale special near that place, on Thursday, and instantly killed. His body was thrown several hundred feet and as the train did not stop the probabilities are that the engineer did not know of the accident. The train consisted of two Pullmans, a day coach and a baggage car. It had on board the Yale glee and mandolin clubs and basketball team en route for Minneapolis.

Mayor David Hammel of Appleton has received a letter from Congressman E. S. Minor stating that he has succeeded in securing two field pieces for Appleton, which it is understood, will be placed in front of the public library building. The old soldiers and the city have been interesting themselves in the matter for the past year. They agreed to bear the expense of getting them there providing the government would furnish them.

—The following testimonial was received from Mr. John W. Young, an old soldier and highly respected citizen of Lincoln, Ill., who says, "I had a severe cough and cold and I decided to get some kind of medicine. I purchased a bottle of Harts' Honey and Horehound, and am pleased to say I am now well. I advise anyone suffering from throat or lung affection to use this high valuable remedy. I cannot recommend it too highly." Sold by Sam Church, druggist.

BABCOCK.

Little Leo Kennedy is very sick with appendicitis. Dr. Ridgman of Grand Rapids, Dr. Simonson of Tomah and Dr. Morse of this village are the attending physicians.

Mrs. Henry Card returned from Beloit on Tuesday and will make an extended visit with her parents.

Amos Griffith spent Sunday in Tomah, the guest of his friend, James O'Leary, jr.

Mrs. M. L. Ward has been confined to her home for the past week with a bad cold.

Miss Cora Deal of Necedah is the guest of Mrs. Bert Law for the holidays.

Mrs. Bert Law was in Grand Rapids on Monday, doing some shopping.

Geo. W. Lyons was a business caller in Grand Rapids on Tuesday.

Amos Griffith is confined to his home with a lame limb.

Miss Mary Erbs is confined to her home with pneumonia.

Miss Irene Styles is visiting relatives in your city.

—It excites the wonder of the world, a magic remedy, liquid electricity, that drives away suffering and disease. Rocky Mountain Tea. 35c. Johnson & Hill Co.

BIRON.

Matt Carey of Johnson & Hill Co. distributed calendars here on Monday. They were works of art and those who received one were duly thankful and those who did not were not.

A very pleasant family gathering was held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Horton on Christmas day in honor of their daughter, Mrs. J. J. Gokey of Dawson, N. D.

The Misses Bonnylyn and Delmos Biron of Stevens Point spent Christmas week here, the guests of Miss Ella Weisenberg and other friends.

A baby boy arrived at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Jos. Sweeney, jr., on Tuesday morning.

Miss Mabel Horton came down from Stevens Point and spent Christmas with relatives.

Elmer Thornton returned home Saturday evening from a week's visit in the Rapids.

Miss Hannah Dankert has resigned her position in the paper mill.

KELLNER.

Mrs. L. Panter, Walter Buss, and a little daughter of George Lincicum are on the sick list this week. Dr. Pomainville is attending them.

The family who bought Wm. Joswick's farm arrived Saturday with a car of furniture and implements and have moved on the farm.

A party consisting of Albert and Halmet Timm, Wm. Hannaman and wife add Mrs. Morifka left Wednesday for a visit in Milwaukee.

A merry party spent Christmas night at Ernest Knipple's. Dancing and various games kept everyone till late. A fine time was reported.

H. R. Nelson and wife returned Friday and have started housekeeping in part of W. Nedderson's house. We wish them a happy future.

In spite of the cold weather Xmas night a large crowd attended the dance and all enjoyed themselves till early in the morning.

C. G. Hanson is spending a few days in your city with his family. Frankie Buss is dispensing drinkables during his absence.

Frank Gage of Packwaukee is spending the holidays with his brother, J. M. Gage.

Ole Peterson went north Sunday to secure employment in the woods.

Wm. Luege and Frank Pribbanov spent Christmas at home.

Henry Wakely was a business visitor here Monday.

WANT COLU

ADVERTISEMENTS will be put in column at the rate of 10 cents per line for less than 10 cents. 10 buy, sell or trade anything, column.

MONEY TO LOAN—C. E. Bol

FOR RENT.—Eight room house

Inquire of Charles S. Whitties

WANTED—A first class dressma in millinery and dressmaking in town. None but first class Good chance for right party. A. Bradley, Box 119, Randolph.

WANTED—A housekeeper, good of five. Address Box 25 Arpin

(First Publication 12-31-11)

Notice of Application for Wood County Court—In

STATE OF WISCONSIN, 1st COUNTY OF WOOD, 1st

In the matter of the Estate of deceased.

On this 25th day of December, 1902, reading and filing the petition of the

Horton stating that Mary Horton of Wood, died intestate on or day of December, 1902, and prayi

Horton or some other suitable point-d administrator of the e

deceased.

It is Ordered, That said applic before me, at the probate o

house in the city of Grand Rapids county, on the 21 day of Febru

at 2 o'clock p. m., the same t

term.

And it is Further Ordered, That time and place appoint ad for he

publication be given to all persons publishing a copy of this order to

successively in the Grand Rapids newspaper printed in said count

the time appointed for said hear

By the Court. W. J. C

(First Publication 12-31-11)

Notice of Application for Wood County Co

STATE OF WISCONSIN, 1st COUNTY OF WOOD, 1st

In the matter of the Estate of deceased.

On this 25th day of December, 1902, reading and filing the petition of the

stating that Neis Johnson of the died intestate, on or about th

he-cent, 1902, and praying tha be appointed administrator o

said deceased.

It is Ordered, That said applic before me, at the probate o

Grand Rapids, on the 27th d

A. D. at ten o'clock a. m.

And it is further Ordered, Tha

time and place appointed for he

publication be given to all persons publishing a copy of this order to

successively in the Grand Rapids newspaper printed in said count

the time appointed for said hear

By the Court. W. J. C

—John Dengler's Capita

is a gentleman's smoke.

Special

Friday Jan. 1st AT Heineman Merc.

Talk about bargains, that is no m giving things away, (almost.) You will goods and get the prices on them. It is an over stock of Ladies' Eiderdown and must close them out regardless of material alone, say nothing about the c near the prices we quote on them. We h lots as follows:

First Lot

\$2.00, \$2.50, \$3.00, \$3.50, your choice in

Second Lot

Up to \$1.00, your choice in this lot for...

Third Lot

Up to 60c. your choice in this lot for.....

Come early in the day to avoid tl

Respectfully

THE HEINEMAN

I. BARUCH, Res. Mgr.

To Cure a Cold i

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Ta
Seven Million boxes sold in past 12 months. This signa